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TWILIGHT VISTAS.

BY VIDA VENTURE.

Fair Faith, thy hand!
My wayward feet now press the border land
Of the hereafter; they have almost passed
The equatorial line; high over me
Climbeth a cloudless noon; I soon shall cast
Newshadows, stretching toward eternity.
Gather around,
Ye sons of Jacob, for I catch the sound
Of coming morning, and a newborn light
Of wondrous waking steals into mine eyes,
Melting the mists of years, and visions
Bright
People life's lingering hour with prophecies.
Each benediction,
I touch it with a father's blessing now;
The chosen tribes of Israel are ye.
Softly! the solemn centuries arise,
With unveiled faces turned expectantly
To Judah's line, oh, glow of eastern skies.
Hail, silver star!
Whose glory from those azure fields afar
Proclaims the Shiloh come, the Saviour
Born!
Old altars crumble; types and shadows flee,
Swift-footed, down the years; Redemption's
morn
Flashes all the earth with joy, I see, I see.
Strange, awesome calm!
Down from the hills perpetual rolled a
psalm
Of triumph, as the golden gates swung back
For Israel; the summer breath
Of Paradise sweeps o'er him; bright the track
To life eternal. Do we name it death?

BOSTON AND METHODISM.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

Fifteen years after the battle of Bunker Hill, Methodism made its first serious attempt to get a foothold in Boston. Mr. Boardman, one of Wesley's first missionaries, had preached there in passing through, some eighteen years before, but made no attempt to form a Society. Rev. Jesse Lee, having with heroic effort organized several Circuits in Connecticut, thought it time to try his fortune in Massachusetts. He therefore pushed his way along over the country uninvited and unheralded. He was not met (like Whitefield many years before) ten miles out, by the governor's son, and a troop of ministers and honorable citizens to be escorted into the city. After spending a week reconnoitering to find a place to preach, and being refused on every side, he borrowed a table and placing it under the old elm near the center of the Common, planted himself on it in Quaker-like costume and began to sing and pray with a congregation of four persons. At the close of the service, it had increased to three thousand. The next Sabbath he repeated the experiment in the same place, and preached to many more, but his success was not great. Though his appearance and style were quite singular and calculated to attract attention, and his doctrines were more consistent than those which generally prevailed in the community the people were slow to show him favor.

Rigid Calvinism was then the theology of the State, and no man could hold a civil office or vote, who did not belong to the Church, and property was taxable to support the Church whether its owners believed its doctrines or not. To favor Methodism, therefore, cost one the sacrifice of every earthly interest. Only such as were made to feel that they must do so or jeopard their souls, dared to do it. Those who believed that God had elected all He intended to save, and that He would call and convert them in His own good time, regarded the universal atonement taught by Mr. Lee as a most dangerous heresy, though it is difficult to see how it could be so, if all things were settled from eternity. Many who rejected this doctrine, discarded the divinity of Christ, and the new birth, and would not receive him because he maintained both.

Besides, spiritual religion was extremely low, the elect giving little better evidence of piety than some who

were accounted reprobates. Conversion was not considered indispensable for ministers of the Gospel, if they were well educated, and sound in the "doctrines of grace," that is in Calvinism. Nor was it deemed a necessary pre-requisite to participation in the Lord's Supper. Mr. Lee's chances for success, therefore, looking on the human side of the question, were not very flattering. Bigotry has always been a more formidable obstacle to the truth than open sin. Jesus found it so when He said, "publish and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you," and Methodism could not readily do many mighty works in Scotland, or Boston.

But Mr. Lee was a man of good common sense. He understood human nature, and the doctrines of the Gospel, and how to use both to the best advantage. He abounded also in demonstrative, practical facts, acquired by reading and observation; and he had a personal experience of repentance, conversion and the "joy of the Lord," which made him a witness, as well as a preacher and advocate. With this outfit, though not an educated man in the common sense of the term, he was prepared to make a good impression on the judgment and hearts of the people.

But assailing pre-election, pre-reproach, the final perseverance of the saints, infant damnation, etc.—the fundamental principles of the State, he could but create a sensation. Then, preaching without notes, and in the evening without a candle,—in the streets and fields, when he could do no better, a failure seemed hardly possible. Yet, he did not succeed in effecting a permanent opening, and passed on to Lynn, Newburyport, and Portsmouth. On his return he tried Boston again, but in vain and had to resort to his old stand on the Common for the want of a better place. After attending the Conference in New York he returned and spent several weeks seeking a place to preach, but to no purpose. Some who had expressed sympathy had been intimidated, and gave him a cold shoulder. One day as he was pondering the situation, with an empty pocket, he received a letter from a gentleman in Lynn inviting him to his house. Here was a ray of light. So, pawning a little article of personal convenience to pay his bill at the "tavern," he started for that town, and found a hearty welcome at the house of Benjamin Johnson. Here he preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in that place, and felt "much at home." The word took effect and the people proposed to form a Society at once, but he put them off until he should give unimpeachable Boston another trial. February 20, 1791, he returned to Lynn and formed a Society of eight members, which was increased to seventy in three months, and culminated finally in the establishment of the old Lynn Common Church, the honored mother of a dozen vigorous daughters, still flourishing under her maternal smiles. The 14th of June following they commenced to build the first Methodist church in Massachusetts. It was raised on the 21st of the same month, dedicated on the 26th through a mere wooden shell without form or comeliness, but a great deal better than nothing.

Making Lynn his headquarters, Mr. Lee sallied forth in all directions, not overlooking Boston, which seemed to be his special point of interest. Fortunately the ice began to yield, though no Society was formed until the next year, nor in any other place in the State except in Lynn.

Such was the beginning of Methodism in Massachusetts. It cost a great struggle, has continued ever since though with much less heroism and persistence. Less effort than was made by Lee to plant Methodism in Boston, by our present facilities, would establish a Church in every considerable town in the State. But the investment has paid well: 1. In the conversion and organization of tens of thousands of sinners, some of whom still remain in the Church, numbering over forty thousand. 2. In the overthrow of a system of doctrines calculated to sap the foundation of all Christian motives and enterprise, so that it is now maintained in silence if at all. 3. In the quickening of other Christian Churches, most of whom have largely adopted our sentiments, music and methods of social worship and progress. 4. In exploding and neutralizing sundry other errors which could not be successfully resisted from the standpoint of pre-ordination as formerly understood and preached.

But notwithstanding these changes for the better, there is ample room for us still, and the chances for usefulness were never more encouraging than now, provided that we maintain the spirit of the fathers, which was eminently that of the Master, and adhere to our original object, namely the conversion of sinners. If we lower our

temper to the philosophical frigidity of the times, and apply ourselves to minor and collateral interests, however good, we shall fail, and God will raise others to do the work which he assigned to us. Methodism must be aggressive or perish. It was made for war, not peace,—for motion, not rest,—for advance, not retreat. The moment we become satisfied with "holding our own," we begin to die, and when we shall determine in the spirit of Jesse Lee to plant our standard in every place at whatever cost, it will be done.

AUNT SERAPH ON FORGIVENESS.

BY MRS. JANE D. CHAPLIN.

[Concluded.]

"Well, I'll tell you, sonny. I got clear over wid fightin' and hatin'; and den when I had n't no new things agin my enemies, I turned on myself! I did hate, and 'spise and loathe my own self! I was sicker of Seraph Lee dan I'd ever been of her enemies! I got such a look into my own heart as made der hearts look pure like to me; and I cry out to God, 'give me a clean heart and a right spirit.' But I was n't ready for de blessing." I fetched my gift to de altar, but de Lord heave it off, and say "go way, and be fast reconciled to your brudder;" and I went "way from de altar, a draggin' of my load o' sin arter me. It was heavy, and hung 'bout my neck like it was a mountain chained to me. I hear de voice o' de great Massa in de black night, callin' to me to 'love my enemies, and bless dem dat curse me, and pray for dem dat 'spiteful use me.' But I cry out wid my soul, 'ax me anythin' else, Lord, and I'll do it; but dat ar' is more'n natur' can stan'!"

"So it was, Aunty," said young Craig, in a tone of sympathy. "I know that."
"Wait till you hear me through, sonny. De voice go tender, and grievelike, and say, 'no, poor sinner; natur' can't forgive, but grace can. You are weak, but I is strong. You can do all things by Me helpin' you.' Den, all of a sudden, it come to me what I'd heard preached a million o' times, dat Christ had gin His self for us, to save us from our sins. 'Long house. Here was a ray of light. So, pawning a little article of personal convenience to pay his bill at the "tavern," he started for that town, and found a hearty welcome at the house of Benjamin Johnson. Here he preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in that place, and felt "much at home." The word took effect and the people proposed to form a Society at once, but he put them off until he should give unimpeachable Boston another trial. February 20, 1791, he returned to Lynn and formed a Society of eight members, which was increased to seventy in three months, and culminated finally in the establishment of the old Lynn Common Church, the honored mother of a dozen vigorous daughters, still flourishing under her maternal smiles. The 14th of June following they commenced to build the first Methodist church in Massachusetts. It was raised on the 21st of the same month, dedicated on the 26th through a mere wooden shell without form or comeliness, but a great deal better than nothing.

"And so you've been a saint ever since that night, Aunty?" asked the young man.
"Well, honey, I's had my ups and downs, like all dem dat's barly saved from hell, and no more. But der stick in my throat was de family (I don't call no names!) Onct I kotched myself a chucklin' when I heard der son up Norf to college was goin' to destruction; and agin, one night, when I heard de ole man done got a small pook from some slaves he bought, half-sick in S'vanny. Den I was skeart nigh out o' my wits, 'memberin' my yow to de Lord! I felt somethin' bad got to be done to break down 'n' show, and put grace on de throne,—to star Satan dat he was no more king over poor me. I could n't sleep dat night, for I feel like Jesus was dere, grievein' over my ingratitude, wounded like, by one of His friends! It was dark and cold and stormy out doors, but it was yess yet in my bussum. I could n't stan' it no more. I ris' up off my poor bed, throwed on my old tattered garments, and went out into de night, bar-headed and bar-foot. I took my shovel and hoe dat I worked wid on de plantation, and I trudge on and on and on toward de vast howlin' canebrake. All de way dar, honey, I forgot de wind and de cold and de storm. I think on'y of Jesus a dyin' to take 'way my load o' sin, and me a heapin' of it on to my soul agin as fast as I could, and a-lovin' to do it! I knowed in my soul dat mighty strong measures had got to be tuk wid dis yere-bellious natur'; and I tuk 'em, right smart!"

"What did you do, Aunty?" inquired the young listener, charmed with her earnest simplicity.
"Well, honey, I struggled through de rain, wid my hoe and shovel, till I come to de wildest and de darkest spot in dat brack. Den I go to diggin' for dear life, and I dig a grave long 'nough and deep 'nough for to bury de biggest man on our plantation!"

"What did you do that for?" asked Aunty, in surprise.

"I was goin' for to heve a funyal dar, honey; and I had it, too! Arter I dug down deep, deep, deep, wid de wind howlin' 'bout my ears, and de rain a dronchin' o' me, I throw'd down my shovel and stood by de open grave. I clasp my hands, and look up to heaven, and call Jesus to come right down and help me do my work, for gettin', poor sinner dat I was, dat He had come along o' me, dat He was den at my side. He spoke, and I turn round and see Him, face to face!"

"You do n't mean, Aunty, that you actually saw Jesus with your eyes?" asked the young man.

"Yes, honey. Not wid dese poor, faded old eyes; but wid my inner, beaful eyes. You know we has a nat'ral body and a spiritual body; so course we has nat'ral eyes and spiritual eyes. Some b' de ignorant, col'd folks, dat had n't no spiritual larnin', was supstitious, and when de Lord 'vealed Himself to 'em dey thought dey see Him wid de eye o' sense; but it is n't so! I hear His voice wid my spiritual ears; I see His glories wid my spiritual eyes; and I run 'long by Him wid my spiritual feet. Dese things may be all blind to you, honey, for dey is spiritually discerned."

"Well, but who were you going to bury in dat grave you had dug?" asked young Craig.

"My enemies—my wust enemies—de sin dat so easy beset me, and hide my great Massa's face from me. I had brung 'em, de whole on 'em, wid me a heavy load, I tell you! Dey most crushed me down to de ground! Well, de fast thing I do I kneel down on de wet ground, and make a prayer like dey do to founyals in general. I ax de Lord to help me bury dem cursed sins forever out o' His sight and mine, whar dey could never more torment my peace nor cast contempt on Him. Den I rose up, and leasin' over dat empty grave, I have down into it all my hatred, and revings, and envy, and evil speeches, and hard thoughts agin my—(but I do n't mention no names), and every other sin I was ware o'." Arter dat I axed my dear Massa, who stand lookin' on, to heave in all de sins I was blinded agin; and He heave in pride, and hardness, and unbelief, and ongratitude, and a heap more I could n't tell on! Den I stan' up 'rest, under de black clouds, and preach a right smart o' a funyal sermon over dem dead things! I did n't flatter 'em, and boast of der virtues, and cry over 'em, as dey do mostly over dead folks to other funyals; but I give 'em der dues, right smart! I call dem by der right names, squar' out, and pray God to let 'em go quick to corruption and dust, so dey could never rise up agin me no more forever. I preach from dis yere text: 'Sin have no more 'minion over old Seraph Lee.' It was a fast rate sermon, and it gin Satan some hard thumps, I reckons! I was n't no ways delicate 'bout hurtin' of his feelings; and I reckons he got all he want o' me dat night, for he tuk to his heels, and run like he thought he was goin' to be buried too, wid all de work he had done! I den cry out, 'oh, grave, whar is de victory now? All your weapons dat you's fit me wid is in de grave. Thanks unto de Lord, who give me de victory!' I look down into de grave, and all my sins lay dere, cold and dead. Dey had lost all der power, and was like so many dead dogs. My soul did magnify de Lord, and I cry out like I would be heard in heaven, 'who shall lay anythin' to de charge o' God's elect? He justify; who shall condemn me?' I took my shovel to fill up de grave and hide all dat oncleanness from de sight of man! De handle o' de shovel had turned into shinin' silver, and de grave was filled up a'ready, widout me a doin' of it! When I look round, to see who done it, I feel a warm, soft garment throwed over my shoulders, and I see it was white as snow! I looked like a queen; and as I wondered and gazed I heard a voice sayin', 'dis is de righteousness o' de saints.'

"I looked up to de sky, and it was all alive wid clouds, like wool, all specked over wid stars, dat nodded and smiled at me, like dey said, 'happy Seraph! you will go sing and shine and love and praise when we has died out in darkness.' My soul was full o' glory; and I should a' did wid joy if I had n't shouted and sung. Oh, sonny, you never heard at any o' your great concerts such music as I make dere in de corn-brake dat night! It was enough to set all de bells in heaven a ringin'! I went home a singin'!"

"De Lord o' glory He come down And bind old Satan wid a chain; He liver up my cruel sin, And send me straight place o' rain. Oh, magnify His name! Hallelujah!"

"He plant my heel on Satan's head, And raise me to a shinin' throne; He heave my garments foul away, And clothe me wid His own. Oh, magnify His name! Hallelujah!"

"Where did you get that hymn, Aunty?" asked the young man.
"Get it, honey? I make it for de 'casion! Do n't you know dat grace makes poets? One soul can't allus make himes for another to sing. We sings as we's spired for de 'casion. King David did n't hire no man to manufactur' his psalms for him, did he?"

"I suppose not, Aunty," replied the young listener, smiling. "And this was your 'conversion,' I suppose?"
"Well, honey, it was one on 'em," replied the old pilgrim. "I had been already brung out o' a state o' natur', and had quite a 'spectable little hope o' heaven. But I had n't gin up my will, nor all my sins. I had quit stealin' my master's chickens, and done tellin' lies 'bout my work; but I huggud up my hatred agin my—(but I shan't mention no names!) Now, howsever, de work was finished; and sin have no more 'minion over me. I reckons I was saved twict—onct from hell, and agin from sin."

"When I got to my lonely little love, after buryin' my sins, de whole place shine like it was silver, and I think what a blessed sleep I'll have now. But just den I see a light in de big house (I do n't mention no names), and 'membered dat a frightful disease was reignin' rampant dar, while I was up on de mount shinin' in glory! Oh, how my heart did full up wid pity for dem poor sufferin' sinners! 'Peared like I could lay down my life to save 'em. Yes, honey, I positive loved 'em so I wanted to take 'em in my arms and call 'em 'lovin' names! Well, I walk straight up to de front door, and rap on it wid my hoe handle, like I mean to get in. Bam by missy put head out o' window, and ax—

"Who dar?"
"I say, 'poor, tired heart, it's me, your humble servant, old Seraph. I's come to help you through your troubles, and stick closer den a brudder till you's all well in dis house, and glorify de great Physician for it!"

"She ax 'wasn't I afeared o' de small pox?"
"I say, 'no, honey; I aint afeared o' nothin' but Satan, and not much afeared o' him, for he's been powerful conquered dis night! I was afeared o' my sins, but I's just been and buried 'em all in de cane brake; and now I's come out on fettered to fulfil de law o' love to my feller men. See how my garments shine!"

"I don't know how much o' this she heard, for she lef de door, and come down and open de front door and let me in. She tuk my two hands in her'n, and says she,

"Oh, Seraph, you looks like an angel!"

"And I says, 'I knows I does, for I sees dat myself; but it is n't me dat shines; it's de glory inside o' me, put dar by grace dat shines through dis poor black face. I's heaped full o' spiritual blessings, and I'll share 'em wid you, poor dear, and never leave you till you's all well agin, and holy too—I hopes. Dis garment dat shine is n't mine, by right. It b'longed to Jesus, and He hove it over me!"

"And did you stay there?" asked Craig.

"I did, and was treated like a queen. Dey said I saved three lives by my care and my prayers. Arter dat I had friends, and home, and rest, and money. Why, I had fifty cents to one time to send to de barbarous heathen, fur off! Arter dat night in de cane-brake 'peared like I was a victorious queen, agin' for conquerin' and to conquer. 'Peared like I had power gin me to overcome spirits, to slay deadly arsin, and to heal diseases like de 'proles o' old. I had n't never had de small pox, but I went right up stairs and put my foot on it right smart, and down it went like it was no more'n chicken pox; and more'n dat, sonny, I see proud heads bowed and strong hearts broke, and heard de lips dat cursed and scoffed call on God for mercy!"

"And you've been a saint ever since, have you?" asked the young man.

"I's n't an angel yet," replied Seraph, cautiously, "but I's gained de victory over de world, de flesh and de devil, through de grace of de Lord Jesus; and while Him and me's in partnership dey can't conquer me less dey conquers Him first, and dat I reckons dey wont never do."

"Do n't you have any trouble, now, Auntie?"
"Oh yes, honey. I's in de world yet, and my promise is dat in de world I shall have tribulation; but my Massa have overcome de world; and if He has, den I has."

"Do you ever sin? are you perfect?" asked the young learner, in surprise.
"I's a poor, wick creetur; and if Jesus leave me one hour I'd make shapewreck o' my faith; but He does n't leave me. When de poor old heart and flesh fall I falls right on His strength; and when I murmurs, or grows impatient, or has any hard thought, I catches dat sin right smart by de neck, and

heaves it from me to Satan, sayin', 'go 'long; you do n't b'long here; dis heart ain't none o' yours. It b'longs to Him dat has power to bind you, hand and foot, and send you to your own place. And he clar off."

"Now, sonny, you wants peace and joy, like all de rest of us."

"Yes; certainly, Auntie," replied Craig.

"Well, den, be reconciled to yer enemies. Pity and love dem souls, and try to do 'em good, and Jesus will 'pear to you like He did to me, and make you His, and lift you 'bove de power of all foes. God bless you, chile."

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THE CENTENNIAL.

Its Religious Side.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER, D. D.

Having in previous articles noticed some of the moral and religious problems involved in our national progress, I propose next to consider some more specific topics in the earlier portion of the now closing century.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE REVOLUTION UPON THE CAUSE OF RELIGION.

The organization of the scattered and disjointed American Colonies under a general government was brought about by a long series of agitations, struggles, and triumphs, extending through a period of about forty years—from the French and Indian Wars to the adoption of the federal constitution. The central event of this period was the war of the Revolution, a movement which, considered either in respect to its immediate or its more remote consequences, is the greatest event in modern times. When it occurred it attracted universal attention, taxed the sagacity and the energies of the greatest English statesmen as well as the ablest men in the Colonies. In the Colonies resources unknown before were developed, surprising even the most sanguine and determined champions of independence, and resulting in the establishment of a new western empire on the principles of freedom and progress. In both hemispheres it inaugurated a long series of progressive movements and revolutions, emancipating and elevating society, establishing law and authority on a new basis, and investing it with an ever-increasing importance.

To sketch in detail the manifold calamities of the war, the ravaging of the country, the burning of towns, the spirit of fury, vindictiveness, and hatred that fired the hearts of multitudes, with many other features of this great contest, will be impossible in our present limits; and yet these things require some notice because of their influence upon the cause of religion. The war was an event of great religious as well as political significance. It was detrimental to morals and religion, opening the door for French infidelity, by our intimate affiliation with that people during the struggle, and seriously crippling and enfeebling the Churches for more than a generation.

There was no department of society, public, private, social, financial or religious, which did not suffer. The country was impoverished and exhausted. The pecuniary expenses of the war amounted to not less than one hundred and seventy millions of dollars—a greater outlay, in proportion to the wealth of the country, than twenty times that sum would be at the present time. A very considerable portion of this amount remained in the form of a debt. The sacrifice of human life was also great, not less than eighty thousand Americans perishing, or one for every forty of the inhabitants. Twelve or fifteen cities were burned to ashes, besides numerous villages. Industry was fatally crippled, and demands were made upon the resources of the country which but few families could afford to sustain. The virtuous sons of many households were transformed into dissipated, discontented, ruined men. Numerous houses of worship were either destroyed, or so seriously desecrated and injured as to be unfit for future use. These were the common sufferings of the people.

THE CLERGY AND THE WAR.

While all classes of citizens entered heartily into the war, the clergy as a whole were pre-eminent for their attachment to liberty, sharing largely in the patriotic and self-denying spirit of the struggle, encouraging and stimulating the hearts of the people. The pulpit of the land rang with the notes of freedom. Thanksgiving, fast-day, and election sermons abounded in patriotic appeals, in clear expositions of divine law, and its application to civil governments and rulers. "The holy President Davis," as he was styled, published a sermon upon "Religion and Patriotism the Constituents of a Good Soldier," and another upon "The Curse of Cowardice," preached before the militia of Virginia. Gilbert Tennent delivered several discourses upon the lawfulness of defensive war; and Wm.

Tennent, who, like Enoch, "walked with God," was a most strenuous assertor of the liberties of his country, both in council and in the field. Dr. Witherspoon, of New Jersey, in May, 1776, preached a sermon in which he entered fully into the great political questions of the day. Rev. Mr. Miller, of Dover, N. J., preached from these words, "we have no part in David, nor any inheritance in the son of Jesse. To your tents, O Israel." Rev. Robert Davidson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, early in the war preached before several military companies from these words, "for there fell down many slain, because the war was of God."

Nor was their zeal in word only. In numerous instances the younger ministers girded on their country's armor, and fought with carnal weapons, while others served as chaplains, and others still performed the best practical service at home. Interesting examples may be cited. The town of Sturbridge, Mass., voted to provide "four half barrels of powder, five hundred weight of lead, and five hundred flints," as a donation to the service. At another meeting, held a month later, the select-men were instructed to furnish still more, when the pastor of the Congregational Church came forward and proposed to pay for a cask of powder himself, at a cost of about one-fifth of his salary; and a Baptist deacon, in the absence of his minister, became responsible "for bullets to match!" Of Rev. John Craighead it was said that "he fought and preached alternately." Rev. Dr. Cooper was captain of a military company; Rev. John Blair Smith, president of Hampden and Sidney College, was captain of a company that rallied to the support of the retreating Americans after the battle of the Cowpens; Rev. James Hall commanded a company that armed against Cornwallis; Rev. Wm. Graham rallied his own neighbors to dispute the passage of Rockfish Gap by Tarleton and his British dragoons; Dr. Ashbel Green was an orderly sergeant; Dr. Moses Hodge served in the army of the Revolution; and Rev. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut, entered the army as chaplain, where his conduct was so exemplary that he won the special esteem of his commander, Gen. Schuyler. Many of the clergy suffered for their patriotism. Rev. John Rogers, D. D., was forced to absent himself from New York until after the close of the war; Mr. McKnight, of New Jersey, was carried off, a captive; Mr. Richards, of Rahway, N. J., took warning and left; Mr. McCalla was confined for months in a bathhouse prison, near Quebec; Azael Roe, of Woodbridge, N. J., was confined a prisoner in the old Sugar House; John Bosborough, of Allentown, N. J., was shot down in cold blood by a party of Hessians, to whom he had surrendered; and Samuel Mills, of Saybrook, Ct., was wounded and taken prisoner. These are only a few of the cases.

It must be confessed that the preaching of the Gospel and the influence of the ministry in those days were rather martial than sanctifying and spiritual; but it seemed unavoidable. The cause of the country was believed to be a just one, and divinely sanctioned. The resources of the country in men and means were felt to be small. In some Colonies there was great hesitation; in others the royalist party was numerous; and their enemy had been long accustomed to victory on the land and on the sea. The odds were fearful indeed, and every influence was needed to support the cause of independence. The pulpit in this country had always wielded an immense power, the people being thinly scattered over a large territory, and accustomed to assemble only on the Sabbath; hence this strong resource was resorted to, and faithfully applied. As the natural result, in the course of such exciting scenes, everywhere engrossing the people and the ministry, ecclesiastical interests received little attention. In some cases, and probably not a few, the more devout members of the Churches were drawn nearer to God in prayer. Days of fasting and prayer were numerous, and well observed; but in many localities the means of grace were wholly suspended for a long time, and the religious altars were broken down. In some cities occupied by the enemy the pastors favorable to the American cause fled.

GEMS.

God has a two-fold staff, the staff of mildness, and the staff of woe.—Hebner.

The Church of God, being already planted and established, no longer stands in need of tokens and wonders, but rather requires the exposition of Scripture for its edification.—Heidinger.

He who stifly opposes the truth has not the spirit of Christ, however much he may make pretensions to it.—Luther.

A preacher must build not only with his words, but also with his life.—Starke.

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

ESSAY ON THE TRUE STYLE OF POPULAR PREACHING.

[Read before the New Bedford District Conference, and printed by request of that body.]

BY REV. E. M. DUNHAM.

[Concluded.]

But sermons wholly recited from memory, while they may have some rhetorical advantages, are nevertheless open to many objections. Except in very rare cases of extraordinary memory, there will be a great expenditure of time in writing sermons and then committing them to memory; there will also be a severe mental strain, which can hardly be borne without injury to the health of both mind and body. There will, furthermore, be the constant danger of the failure of memory; and hesitation in the practice of this mode places the speaker in the worst predicament of all. And even in the cases of most extraordinary memories, where no extra time would be required, where there would be no extra mental labor, and where failure would be out of the question (if there be any such cases), still we think there would not be that naturalness and simplicity of style which ought to characterize popular preaching.

As we said of the composition, so we say of delivery: its style should not be too ornate. In the delivery of memorized sermons the outer grace of the speaker, and his beautifully rounded periods, uttered with a studied flourish, are apt to swallow up the spirit or internal beauty of the discourse. We admit that spiritual truth, properly clothed in these outer garments, is more effective than without them, but we would not have it so smothered in these garments that the inner life should be hid, or the soul-expression not shine forth above all else. The tendency of this method is to a general artificial style, while one of the secrets of success in preaching is, we believe, a comparative freedom from this, and the possession of certain individualities, or peculiarities, through which the spirit of the man and the spirit of his subject flash together. I am convinced that one grand thought, deeply impressed upon the soul, by the aid of an eccentric but spirited tone or gesture, is of more value in Gospel preaching than a score that touch lightly the surface of the heart cushioned in the softness and elegance of artistic delivery. The one impression remains, while the others are swept away by the next counter emotion.

But whether the sermon is extemporized, or read, or recited, one quality in the style of delivery is needful above all others, and that is, an earnestness and zeal which convince the hearers that the subject, with a conception of all its vast importance, is in the heart of the preacher. Whether the expression is arranged at the moment, or is on paper, or is drawn from the chambers of memory, is not of so much importance as whether the manner of uttering the expression shows that the truth is grasped in the mind, and felt in the soul of the speaker. In order to succeed, the hearer must feel that he is listening to one in whose heart there is a deep conviction and a clear experience of the truth he utters. According to our interpretation of this topic, popular preaching may be one thing, and preaching that is popular another thing. We must not look for the true style of popular preaching in the efforts of those men who are the most successful in tickling the public ear. True popular preaching is not that which suits the fancy of the people, but that which is the most applicable to their spiritual needs. The medicine that cures is often bitter to the taste; so the best preaching for the sinner is not that which makes him admire the man, but that which makes him tremble at God's Word. Paul was a popular preacher, and he often held the crowd with his earnest appeals; but almost as often the maddened populace held him, and hurried him away to prison, or dragged him outside of city walls, and left him for dead. Neither do we learn from the record whether he was a "one-thousand-dollar-man" or a "two-thousand-dollar-man," or whether his preaching abilities were estimated by dollars and cents; and I imagine he would have spurned such pecuniary titles with righteous indignation.

The Church is to-day running wild after "star preachers," and men who can "draw"; but the only true star preachers are those who attract the gaze of the multitude to the "Star of Bethlehem," and those whose own light grows insignificantly dim as they present the "Root and Offspring of David, the bright and morning star." And the only true men to draw are those who draw perishing souls to the foot of the cross of Christ.

When the laity seek after smart men, in the modern sense, rather than good men, full of the Holy Ghost; when they organize lobbies at Conference, and some cry out for Paul, and some for Apollon, and some for Cephas, and they are not "carnal"? Are they not debasing the cause of Christ, and ignoring the highest interests of both believers and unbelievers? And when preachers of the Gospel encourage this tendency of the Church by oratorical display and sensationalism, are they not losing sight of their high and holy calling?

Let the pure Gospel be preached to the people; let the style be varied to suit the times, the place, the occasion, and the temperament of the people; let the preacher be all things to all men; but let the message over be the pure Gospel, with Christ uppermost, and

outmost and inmost. Let there be logic and rhetoric, and graceful gesture, if you please, but let all these be servants and not masters. Let the harmony of sentences be less conspicuous than the melody of salvation's song. And, above all, let there be, what is most important than all, and what must lie back of all modes of delivery and all forms of expression—the union of the Holy One, by which the power of the Holy Ghost shall go forth with the word which is spoken, and then you have the true style of popular preaching.

MY CALL TO THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

BY REV. GRESHAM F. COX.

It was while earnestly in pursuit of the salvation of my soul, and hearing a sermon of no special interest, that the impression came to my mind that I should be a preacher; and as ever I was converted, which was a week or two after, the impression was deepened, and it became at once a matter of anxious inquiry whether or not it were my duty. All my actions, all my studies, all my thoughts turned at once in this direction. But the impression was almost oppressive to me, though my heart really thirsted for such a position in life; and the inquiry became a perpetual presence to me, Shall I, or shall I not preach the Gospel? I disclosed the thought to no one, until my master, with whom I had been living some five years, made some suggestion to me about entering mercantile life, and I replied to him that I thought I should have another duty to perform. Though not a Christian, he very affectionately answered that he had no doubt but a man might know his duty from God, but he never could consent to my becoming a poor Methodist preacher. With him and myself the matter ended here, but my purpose was unchanged, and still the absorbing and constant inquiry was, Is it my duty to preach?

After a few months my mind was awakened to seek a deeper experience in the things of God. My whole soul was in the pursuit of this promised blessing, day and night. Whether engaged in business or not, my heart was here. After the lapse of some weeks, perhaps months, I was leaning against my store door, almost without thought, only my heart was in constant prayer, when suddenly something came upon me, and went through me, from head to foot; and for the moment I seemed with God, in a sense never before known; and it seemed that whatever I might ask was mine, and I was His. I seemed possessed of a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins in a new light, and knew as well that I was converted as I knew anything. It was accompanied by a love that seemed to exclude all that was contrary to it, and a peace so still that I literally walked softly before God. And yet I seemed not to know the exact farther relation in which it placed me. It might be that I was made a young man in the Gospel; it might be holiness of heart; but exactly what it was I knew not. So I still hungered and thirsted for holiness of heart. Finally it occurred to me that I had now obtained something that could not be imitated by the wicked one; and, although doubtful of signs and wonders, I asked the Lord, if I were my duty to preach, that He would repeat to me that wonderful manifestation; and, to my surprise, I felt a spirit of prayer for it; and I continued to pray for it, until it became as one of the ordinary subjects for which I offered prayer.

One evening, while leading a prayer-meeting, the heavens opened, and this wonderful manifestation came again upon me, with this difference, that it seemed, if possible, deeper and more abiding than before. I now seemed literally to stand in God, enclosed as it were in a rock. I had such a sense of the divine presence that it would not have been more real had I seen Him with the naked eye. I was so awed by the sight that, if alone, I was upon my knees or face, not to pray, but to adore. I remember, on going home to my tea, the lady of the house stopped out a few moments to provide some thing, and yet, though gone but a few moments, so overpowered was I that I fell upon my knees, but rose as I heard her returning, so that she did not see me. God was all around me.

Soon after this I made the effort to preach, but it was an utter failure. I went out into an adjoining village, and tried a second time, but with a failure, if possible, worse than the first. Early the next morning I started for home. When about half way between Augusta and Hallowell I was so overwhelmed with my condition, my religious feelings, my failures especially, that I fell prone upon the ground, then covered with snow, and groined and wept aloud; and the wish passed through my mind, though not entertained, that I could go up on the side of the hill, a little distant, and lie down on the bank of snow and die. But I knew this was not right.

A few months afterwards I turned my face toward Belfast, where I purposed to engage in business. I went to Boston, purchased my goods, but was taken ill while there. After a partial recovery, and wishing, a hundred times, that my goods might sink into the sea, I took a little bundle and went out to find a washerwoman. I saw a man standing at the head of the street, and asked him if he could direct me to one. He pointed to a ten-foot building, not far off, and said that I should find a good one there. Just as I reached the door I heard the voice of prayer, and waited a moment. Quickly the woman herself came to the door, lead-

ing a penitent, bathed in tears, with whom she had been praying, and whom she was now encouraging to believe in Christ. I gave her the bundle, and asked if she would do the work? She replied, "where shall I send them?" I thought that I should like to talk with her about religion, so I told her I would call for them, and left her. On the day appointed, just as I left my boarding-house, and stepped upon the sidewalk, it occurred to me, if it is your duty to preach, ask the Lord to inspire that woman, whom you know nothing about, to tell you so. I hardly dared to make the prayer, lest she should tell me that it was; so I went somewhat gloomily, but inquiringly, knocked at the door, and without coming to open it she bade me "come in." I seated myself by a window, while she was on the opposite side of the room. "Your shirt," she said, "was broke a little, and I am mending it!" and earnestly looking at me, added, "are you a Christian?" I answered, "I trust I am." "Are you a Methodist?" she said. I told her I belonged to that people. "Do'n't you think it is your duty to preach for it?" she said. I broke into tears, and wept like a child, and gave her some account of my trials. She wanted me to commence right there and then; she would appoint a meeting for that evening. That woman was old sister Charlton, of Boston, a woman who was a peer among saints, and afterwards became quite a preacher herself, and an instrument of revivals in several places in the Province.

I left the city, came to my new home in Belfast, and used to rise early, at four o'clock in the winter season, and entering it I would often study till nine in the evening, wishing that none would come in to make purchases. But I could not rest, so I commenced holding prayer-meetings in Belfast, and at the head of the tide, and in Northport; and soon I made an effort to preach, but it was again a failure; and, indeed, whatever I did in that direction seemed a failure, and some of the trials I hardly dare to narrate, they were so intense. Once, at the close of a meeting where I had tried to preach, something went through me like a fiery dart, and seemed to say to me take an oath before God that you will never open your mouth as a preacher again. I merely left out the words, "I swear," but said to myself, "I never will!" yet I had an appointment for that afternoon. Without my dinner I went into the woods, fell upon the earth, and rolled and pitched like a ship at sea in a storm, until the people assembled for the afternoon service. In this terrible state it occurred to me that I had not said I would not talk or pray; and that was like a light in a dark place. I arose and went to the school-house where the service was to be held, with the idea that I would read chapter and pray, and if the Lord chose to give me anything to say I would say it; but I was quite indignant. So, at the conclusion of my introductory services, I arose and began to talk without a text. I had proceeded but a little way when a precious light came into my soul, and love into my heart, so that I was happy to be humbled and to become a fool for Christ's sake, and I went home rejoicing in God, willing to do anything to which He might call me.

But the question, What is my duty? was yet unsolved. I had started with the idea that I must know what my duty was. Some of the elder Methodist preachers had given me their experience, and told me that they knew it was their duty to preach as well as they knew anything. The conviction was upon me sometimes with great intensity, that I must preach, and yet the other fact, that I had tried, and had failed, I could not blot out. I would sometimes pace my store with my heart breaking with weeping; but if I heard the sound of a footfall I would turn and smile. Sometimes it seemed as though a thousand strings were attached to my heart, pulling me into the street, to cry out to passing sinners to turn to God and live. My soul was inexpressibly anxious for their salvation. I often asked the Lord for fruit, as an evidence of my call to the ministry, but I wanted it direct, so that it could be traced to myself as the agent. On going to meeting, one morning, I thought if the Lord would deeply move some one, and cause them to cry out aloud while I was preaching, it might satisfy me; but I had what I called a dry season. In the afternoon, however, while trying to preach, in the midst of the service a gush of feeling swept over my heart, and four or five persons wept aloud and cried for mercy. But it was suggested to me that they simply wept because I wept, so that it had but slight influence with me.

After various vicissitudes of this character I resolved to make one more trial. There was to be a Quarterly Meeting at Northport, about two miles distant; it was held in a large barn; and an old carpenter's bench, which reached nearly across it, was placed at one end for a pulpit. I went to the place. Old Father Richards was to conduct the service, and asked me to preach in the morning, but I declined, though I had fully resolved to make the trial during the day. At the conclusion of his sermon I ascended the bench and gave an exhortation—short, but sweet to my soul. At its close Brother Richards turned to me and said, "Brother Cox, the devil stole my text!" "Did he?" said I. "What was it?" And he repeated, as it seemed to me, the only text in the Bible from which I could have preached, and from which, if at all, I had purposed to do.

This encouraged me a little. He said to me, "you must preach this afternoon." I did not decline, nor promise; and although invited to dinner by many friends, yet dinnerless I went down to the sea-shore, close by, and going into a cluster of alder bushes, knelt down and prayed. I remained upon my knees nearly two hours, till church time. I then went to the place of meeting and commenced the services, and went through with my sermon with a sweet sense of the divine favor; and at its conclusion I knew as well that it was my duty to preach as I knew that I had a soul. I have never questioned it since. After this no temptation of that character had any power with me; and from that time I turned my attention to a preparation for an itinerant ministry. Soon after my conversion I had purchased a Greek Testament and Lexicon, and Hebrew Lexicon, and pursued, with diligence, studies for the pulpit until 1830, some eight years afterwards, when I joined the traveling ministry.

So, after an inexpressible struggle, of which none can realize unless they have passed an experience that is similar, I reached the sunlight; and although now seventy-five years of age, on that point it has never since been clouded.

Salem, June 2, 1875.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

BY OCCASIONAL.

The fifty-sixth annual Conference of the Primitive Methodists assembled a few days ago in the town of Leicester. It was in that town that Robert Hall, one of the greatest preachers of his day, preached with such power and effect. In the uncoth building, with its dingy entrance, where that great luminary of nonconformity discoursed with such thrilling grandeur on the glorious truths of Christianity, marvelous scenes occurred. When preaching on the Judgment to come, or some other solemn subject, it was no uncommon thing for every member of his congregation to rise to their feet to listen to his thrilling utterances.

When constituted, the Conference proceeded to the election of its chief officers. Seven candidates for the presidency were put forward by their friends. Two declined to stand—one gracefully and generously, because he had been president before. The result of the voting was the election of Rev. R. Smith. Mr. Smith was born in 1815; had few early educational advantages, but compensated for the lack of these by unwearied perseverance in acquiring knowledge. And his career demonstrates what sustained diligence can achieve. He is an earnest and practical preacher, and is perhaps better acquainted with confectional law than the majority of his brethren. The gentleman next to him in the number of votes is also named Smith. What is somewhat singular, the three ministers elected to the three chief offices of the denomination bear the same patronym. They are all Smiths. And it is very probable that a gentleman of the same name will succeed to Dr. Punshon in the chair of the Wesleyan Conference. A layman was one of the candidates for the presidency. The Conference has two laymen to one minister.

The Conference appointed Rev. Dr. Samuel Antiff and George Lamb to be its representatives to the Conference of Canada and Australia. Dr. Antiff is somewhat inordinately attached to Primitive Methodism. He has visited Canada twice, and his counsel and influence there were against union. Until recently, all the titled ministers of Primitive Methodism bore the name of Antiff. William and Samuel, both ex-presidents of the Conference, are D. D.'s, and the son of William is B. D., of a Scotch University. Another young minister has just taken his degree of M. A. at the Glasgow University. And the Conference passed the following resolution: "The Conference learns with satisfaction that Rev. George Parkin, of the Wishaw station, has taken the degree of M. A. at the Glasgow University, and congratulates him on his success, and that he be informed of this by letter, and mention be made of the fact in the Conference Minutes of 1875, that one of our ministers had taken academic honors." This resolution may excite a smile, but it shows that literary proficiency is recognized and appreciated by Primitive Methodists. Dr. Lamb is the most influential minister of the Conference. He has been nearly fifty years in the itinerancy. If he visits Canada he will return a D. D. A testimonial was presented him at the Conference.

A letter was read from a distinguished veteran, who had "roughed it" in the early days of the Connection, urgently requesting the Conference to permit him to resume the regular work of the ministry. The Assembly, although it bore unequivocal testimony to his sterling worth and successful services, declined to accede to his request, on account of his age. Mr. Russell was imprisoned for preaching Christ, and often maltreated by mobs.

Mr. Joseph Barker, who passed from Methodism down to infidelity, and back again to Methodism, after advocating infidelity for many years presented to the Conference houses and lands worth £5000, a cheque for £1800, and four large chests full of books to the Sunderland Institute. Mr. Barker is trying to undo the evil he did in the days of his apostasy as much as possible, but I fear the evil will continue, for numbers through his instrumental-

ity denied the faith, and became zealous agents in the cause of unbelief. It is a fearful thing to make shipwreck of faith.

The funds of the Connection are in a healthy and prosperous condition. The membership increased during the year more than 5,000. Forty young men were received as candidates for the ministry, and forty, after four years' probation, were received into full connection as accredited ministers. There is no ordination service, as at the other Methodist Conferences.

The Conference Camp-meeting was very largely attended. There were four preaching stands, and thousands assembled around each to hear the Word of Life. Four or five discourses were delivered from each stand.

Several public meetings were held, which were largely attended, and addressed by prominent ministers and influential laymen. Chief of these was one in the interests of Temperance.

The Book Room is prospering, and the periodicals issued from it receive a paying support, although their circulation is not as large as it might be. The Primitive Methodist newspaper is not the organ of the Conference, but it is faithful to the interests and principles of the denomination whose name it bears.

The numerical strength of the Connection is 164,000 members, 1,000 ministers, 14,000 local preachers, 9,000 class leaders and 49,000 Sunday-school teachers. When the first Conference was held in Lanerston the connection numbered only 40,000 members.

The Theological Institute is under the principalship of Dr. Antiff. Its income for the year was £1,094, and its outlay £887. The next Conference will be held in New Castle-upon-Tyne.

A TRIP TO SAVE A CHURCH.

BY C. C. McCABE.

At the request of Bishop Foster I recently accompanied him to see what could be done to rescue a debt-burdened Church. It was represented as a case of extreme necessity. All we hoped to do was to arm ourselves with the facts, that we might make out a strong case for the consideration of the Board of Church Extension. After preaching to a large congregation, upon a week-day evening, the Bishop requested all who were specially interested in paying the Church debt to remain for consultation. Several facts were brought out, which I deem of sufficient importance to make public. They are instructive, and illustrate the unfairness of the criticisms often made upon the Board of Church Extension.

The church in question was dedicated four years ago. The architect said it would cost \$25,000. Of course it cost much more. It should be said, however, that the church is none too large nor too beautiful for the place. It is just such a house of worship as is needed there. At the dedication it was said the entire debt was \$24,000, and the subscriptions footed up \$26,000, \$2000 more than enough. This was grand, and suggestive of well-filled purses and handsome bank accounts, and highly complimentary to all concerned. Everybody felt well. But the subscriptions did not bear interest; and the debt was on interest at ten per cent, taking much of the enthusiasm out of the occasion. That community became thoroughly disheartened with frequent appeals for money to pay interest, and the soliciting committee were often met by the chilling response, "I thought you said you had \$2,000 more than enough."

Four years is a long time. Death is rarely idle in a congregation for four years, and financial reverses often come. Many causes conspire to prevent payment. Under the inspiration of stirring appeals, promises are often made that cannot be kept. What I contend for here is, that the facts should be stated. Then thoughtful people will not be disappointed when the subscription book is opened again. The debt-paying power of this subscription was about 58 cents on the dollar. Yet with all this, the case was not so hopeless as it seemed. Pursuing our investigations, it was brought out that some of the trustees who were particularly zealous in getting other people to pay had not paid their own subscriptions made at dedication—just what the Bishop suspected, and he brought it out very clearly.

Finally we found that the debt could be brought down to \$5,500 without obtaining new subscriptions. The church was beautiful, an ornament to the city where it stood, faultless in architecture and beautiful for situation. The cost of the church, including organ and furniture, is \$42,000. Upon this property there would be a debt of \$5,500 when the present available assets were exhausted. Of course we could give no other advice than this: "make a careful financial report, pay up your own subscriptions, then appeal to the people, and you will come out all right."

We traveled quite a distance to tell a body of Methodists what they already knew. To them it seemed our trip was fruitless, because it brought them no relief; but it was worth all it cost to make the discoveries adverted to.

A CHAPLAIN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Rev. Joseph Emerson was with Sir William Pepperell at Louisbourg, and was called to the pastoral charge of the North Parish of Groton, about the time that it was incorporated as a town. The new town needing a name the pastor was consulted, and he recommended them to name it Pepperell. Sir William Pepperell was informed of the fact, and sent his namesake a bell, which never reached its destination.

At the opening of the war Mr. Emerson entered the army, with Colonel Prescott and many others of his fellow townsmen. As they marched toward Charlestown, the day before the battle of Bunker Hill, the company halted at Cambridge. As the chaplain gazed upon them who shall tell what emotions filled his heart? He knew them all; they were his neighbors and friends, the members of his Church. He looked upon their eager faces, realizing better than they the horrors of war.

What could he do, what could he say in the short time now his own? Naturally impulsive, he mounted a barrel, not to fire their patriotism, and incite them to brave deeds, but standing there, with uncovered head, he prayed with such fervor and devotion that they who listened thought him inspired. For the country in her hour of need, for the dear ones at home, that they might all be faithful in the hour of conflict, and like one who feels the nearness of the eternal world, he pleaded with earnest eloquence for those who were so soon to enter it. Silent, and awed, yet strengthened and encouraged, they went on to battle and to death.

Mr. Emerson survived the war, and returned to Pepperell, and among the many pleasing anecdotes illustrative of his kindly disposition we will relate only two:

Visiting a sick man, one day, he found him blowing the fire with his breath, which occasioned great distress and coughing. Mr. Emerson ran home, and soon returned with a pair of bellows, saying, "here, take these; I am strong enough to blow my fire!" At another time, while standing in the door, a flock of wild geese flew over his head; he seized his gun, and succeeded in shooting two. After they were dressed one proved to be very fine, the other very poor. Taking the better one he started for a poor neighbor's. "Why do you take that one?" asked his wife. "When I saw the geese fly over," was the reply, "I said, if I kill two I will give one to the Lord, and I would be ashamed to give the poor one." Mr. Emerson died at a ripe old age, leaving behind him that best of all treasures, a blessed memory.

MY POSITION DEFINED.

Fifty years spent in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church has brought the writer into an acquaintance, more or less intimate, with a multitude of good people in various parts of the country. As my name will probably no more appear in the list of appointments, I would like to give a few words of explanation, for the information of such as I am permitted to number among my cherished friends.

I am not, to be sure, though nearly 70 years old, quite "worn out." A tolerable degree of health and strength yet remain; and, Providence favoring, I might perhaps make out several years more of service, such as would be in the regular work. This course I would have resolved to take, had it seemed, on the whole, either necessary or desirable. But having passed half a century of service, without censure on the part of the Conference, or rejection in any case on the part of the people of any of my appointments, I hardly felt like presuming on farther indulgence from either.

True, my last appointment (Hampton, N. H.) endured three years' service with exemplary patience, and treated me very kindly (the Lord bless them for it). Still, the conviction was strongly impressed on my mind that it would be better for me now to retire, voluntarily and gracefully, rather than wait to be retired, in effect, by an intimation from the cabinet, "that my resignation would be accepted, if tendered," or the outspoken declaration that there was no place for me. I always had a salutary fear of being burdensome to the Conference or the people. If the Conference bear with me still, without feeling itself burdened or dishonored, I have it in my heart to live and die with my ministerial brethren, provided always that I behave well, and do what I can in a superannuated relation to promote the cause of God. So far as health and strength will permit, should I be needed and wanted to supply on the Sabbath, any part of the time, more or less, within a reasonable distance from home, I shall endeavor to hold myself in fighting trim—not laying off, entirely and finally, but resting on my armor, ready to respond to the trumpet's sound at all times.

For the Conference which has honored me with evidences of affection and confidence far beyond my deserts, I cherish an ardent attachment; nor can I complain that I have not been treated quite as well as I could have reasonably expected on my Charges generally. My unceasing prayer shall still be for Zion's peace and prosperity. I cordially greet the young men who are now coming to the front, to encounter the shock of battle. God bless them and make them wise for souls.

In conclusion, I will only say, I know the heart of a Methodist preacher; they will be welcome guests at my home (near Hampton Depot) in the future, as they have always been in the past. E. SCOTT.

Hampton, June, 1875.

The Church, though separate from the world, is yet to exist in the world; and one of the problems it must solve is so to mingle with the ungodly and profane as not to compromise its character or countenance iniquity, and yet so as to maintain peace with all men, and win the worst to Christ.—Poor.

Our Book Table.

HARRY BLOUNT, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts), tells how a rich boy went into the world, grew in many gifts, and became richer by a lord's liberality. It is a comforting story for rich men's sons, and won't harm poor men's.

CHRIST AND HUMANITY, by Henry M. Goodwin (Harpers), is an effort to give the philosophy of the divine Person. Like all such efforts, it darkens counsel by words without knowledge. It seeks to limit His divinity in the flesh, which is as impossible as to limit His humanity in the spirit, and within a narrower than human range. The metaphysics of Christianity are a great mystery; nothing can solve them. Dr. Bushnell, to whom the work is dedicated, has utterly failed. Mr. Goodwin will meet with like disaster. Better hear Him and heed Him, saying, "be still, and know that I am God!" Of course the author has to affirm the "manifest failure of the Church, during the long period of fifteen centuries, to arrive at any permanent and satisfactory solution of the Christological problem, or any consistent doctrine of Christ's person." That is like his master's declaration, as to the dissatisfaction of the Church with the doctrine of the Atonement, with which he begins his argument; and yet the Church, for these same fifteen centuries, has repeated with great satisfaction the Apostles', Nicene and Athanasian creeds, in respect to both the person and work of Christ, and will repeat them for as many more to come, if the world shall stand so long. Better, by far, leave off this irrelevant prying of finite and mortal men into the divine, and accept the assertions of God as all-sufficient, and again, penitently and humbly, listen while Christ says, "be still, and know that I am God!"

REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES, by P. V. N. Myers (Harpers), is an able exposition of the extinct, but not quite buried powers of the cradle of the world—Persia, Nineveh, Babylon, and Western India. It is a book of travel over ground familiar in history, but not in travel. It is well illustrated, and well-written. One sees how God has proved His Word true, in the rich remains of these desolated empires. We should stand in awe as we read.

So we should when we read Dr. Talmage's *SPORTS THAT KILL* (Harpers). What faithful preaching of the Word! How does he need it to-day! Hell opens at every door! Who shall keep our youth from plunging thither? The faithful preacher of the Word. Had another Brooklyn preacher been alike faithful he had not come into his present fearful trouble. Dr. Talmage shows up the horror of the theater in its true light and darkness. It is the gilded cage of perdition. None that go in there are safe; few, very few are saved. He also denounces the publishers of obscene books as Peter denounced Ananias. How his word rings against four of these publishers, who lived in Brooklyn! "Two of them are dead, thank God! I wish they all were!" This book ought to be put in the hands of every youth. It should go into all our Sunday-schools, with Townsend's "Lost Forever." It is just the word for the times!

OUR SKETCHING CLUB (Roberts) is a work of instruction in landscape art, by Rev. E. St. John Tyrwhitt, M. A. It was prepared at the suggestion of its publishers, and is just what every student of painting should study, and what everybody who wishes to understand nature should read. He tells how to make a sketch, and delight, and shows how easy it is to get in touch with her through the pencil. Our schools where girls are taught painting from pictures would be greatly improved by the study of this exceedingly lively and instructive volume.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS (Harpers) gives us the closing words and labors of the greatest of travelers and missionary explorers. Marquette will be forgotten by the side of Livingstone. How did he die! In that solitary wilderness he never wavered. Shut out from rest, from sight or sound of home, he still clung to his purpose. He died in this clinging. His faith was equal to his pluck. How goodly these words in his journal: "May 13, 1873. (Over a year before his death).—'He will keep His word—the gracious One, full of grace and truth—no doubt of it. He said, 'I will not fail, and I will be with you in every need.' And whatever you shall ask in My name I will give it.' He will keep His word. Then I can come, and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right. Doubt is here inadmissible, surely. D. L.' How grand is this faith! He had his table spread in the wilderness. He died, as he had lived, in the faith."

Equally valuable is his tribute to the goodness of the African. We are slowly learning here that the best American is of African descent. He learned his good traits there early, and continued in the faith unto the end. Well does his biographer say, "in death, no less than in his life, he bore testimony to that good will and kindness which exists in the heart of the African." May our land accept these opinions, with his faith!

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Little Classic Series" is completed with the last issue, "Fortune"; and now is an excellent time to speak of the good taste and sound critical judgment which Mr. Johnson has shown in his selections. In so many scores of stories and essays it is impossible but that some results of omission, as well as commission, could be detected. Still the series, as a whole, is eminently successful in its claim to popular favor. The list of stories under the caption of "Fortune" comprises the following: "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Fairy Flender," by Samuel Lover; "Murad, the Uulucky," by Maria Edgeworth; "The Children of the Public," by Edward Everett Hale; "The Rival Dreamers," by John Banlin; "The Threepenny Destiny," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The following foreign literary catalogues is to be found in Miss Lucy Larcom's recent book, "An Idyl of Work." It has about as much rhythmical melody as Homer's famous catalogue of "The Ships in the Iliad":—

"The bookshelf swung between
Two simple plates, the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'
And the 'Last Supper,' dear to Esther's heart,
Though scarce true to the Vincl. On the shelves
Thomas Edgeworth's 'Helen' leaned against
Thomas-a-Kemp's, Bunyan's 'Holy War'
And 'Pilgrim's Progress' stood next to
'Locke on the Understanding' and the 'Songs'
Of Robert Burns. 'The Voices of the Night,'
'Bridal of Pennacook,' 'Paradise Lost,'
With Irving's 'Sketch-Book,' 'Franklin,' Watts's
'Hymns,'
Mixed in democratic neighborhood."

NEW MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.: "Promenade Militaire," march by Chas. Neustadt; "Sabbath Evening Chimes," fantasia for piano, by Willie Pope; "The Maiden's Rose," by Helen; "Joy of the Future," duet for two sopranos, by Anton Tully.

Published by G. D. Russell: "The Sailor's Dream," by Halley; "That Dear Little Girl of Kilmaree," "In Childhood Idylls," fantasia for piano, by Loetzling; "Daisy Dunbar," song and chorus, by John Graham; "Holy Angels Guard Thy Slumber," quartette, by Daniel de Meyer; "At Home," piano, by Lichner; "Whispering Tide," by H. Millard; "Voices of the Evening," by Lichner.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

Recent investigations as to missionaries and converts in Japan gave the following result: Greek Church, 1 missionary, 40 converts; Roman Catholics, 40 missionaries and 20,000 converts; Protestants, 70 missionaries and 200,000 converts.

It is stated that the majority of the last senior class at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary offered themselves for the foreign mission field, but were not accepted, for want of funds to sustain them.

The India Conference Theological Seminary has now 34 endowed scholarships, each of which secures perpetual support for a student in the school. The course of study is well arranged, and the instruction thorough. A good nucleus for a library has been formed. Eleven students were graduated from the school, last December, and are now at work in the various stations of the Mission. Over 30 are now in attendance.

Rev. B. H. Badley, under date of May 20, writes: "Our work progresses. Our Circuit has assumed the support of a good young preacher (local), who has just gone to a new place. We trust God will greatly bless him. Already three inquirers have come to him. He will have a good field, and we expect fruit. Our schools and Sunday-schools are increasing in numbers and importance. Mrs. Badley has just opened two girls' schools in Gondia, with an attendance of 50—a most promising beginning. We do not labor without opposition, however. In one of these schools, last Sunday, there were more than 25 girls. On Tuesday there were only 5, and the teacher explained the non-attendance by saying that some one had spread a rumor to the effect that Mrs. B. was procuring English books, making English clothes for the girls, and would send them off to some foreign land. We hope to see the girls again at school; but this shows how carefully we have to labor, and how easily the work done is undone. The people are full of superstitious notions, and, being ignorant, are easily frightened. Last Sunday we had 150 boys and 50 girls in our Sunday-schools, the largest number we have ever had. These are all children of Hindus and Mohammedans, and the fact that they are reading, hearing and singing of the blessed Christ gives us great comfort, and makes the work easy and delightful."

The population of Japan has increased 150,000 since the census at the close of 1873.

China has appropriated \$60,000 for representation at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. The local government of Hong Chow proposes to send independently \$15,000 worth of porcelain and silks.

Dr. J. G. Binney, of Rangoon, is greatly improved in health. Mrs. Binney has completed her Burman Dictionary. At the invitation of Wm. Bucknell, esq., Dr. and Mrs. Binney will visit America, reaching here next February, and will spend the Centennial year as guests of Mr. Bucknell.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Say-yid Barghash, has been called upon by the General Committee of the Central African Mission, and thanked for the protection given to their missionaries. The Sultan, in his reply, expressed his high opinion of the beneficial character of the Christian work done in Zanzibar.

During a debate in the English Parliament, June 10, a notable incident occurred. In response to a question by one of the members, Mr. Disraeli, on behalf of the government, said:—

"There is no doubt that there are in this country members of the Order of Jesus, commonly called Jesuits, and there is no doubt that their presence in this country is a misdemeanor under the act of George IV.—the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. During the period that has elapsed since the passing of that act, now nearly half a century, the government of this country has, I believe, in no instance—certainly in none known to myself—proceeded against any Jesuit under that act, as committing a misdemeanor, and so far as Her Majesty's government are influenced by the circumstances under which they are acquainted, the same policy will prevail. At the same time I beg it to be understood that the provisions in that act are not looked upon by Her Majesty's government as obsolete, but, on the contrary, as reserved powers of the law, of which they will be prepared to avail themselves if necessary."

Under the heading, "Recognition of a Protestant Community," the *Levant Herald* says that Stephen Effendi Utdjian has been appointed to the Council of Public Instruction, as representative member of the Protestant subjects of the Sultan.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

A "Southern Ohio Association for the Promotion of Scriptural Holiness" has been formed.

It is amazing, the credulity of the "Infallible" Pope. He lately expressed his great joy at the wonderfully hearty and unanimous reception awarded to the new (American) Cardinal of the people of America, not only by Catholics, but also by "Protestants." Somebody has been "gulling" his holiness. Some few Protestant snobs have thought it a fine thing to be married by the "Prince Cardinal," but the vast body of the people regard the appointment with about as little concern

or interest as they would the ordination of an ordinary minister in the most insignificant sect in the land.

Archbishop Purcell tells us, in the *Catholic Review*, that in 1850 the Pope said to him, "It is true that the American government has asked for the appointment of a Cardinal." This is a most marvelous statement. Will the Archbishop tell us in what way that request was made? Of course not by Congress. Was it by their Secretary of State? by the President? by the consul at Rome? or by whom? Of course the statement is certainly wholly false. But we call for particulars. Let us know who presumed to speak for the American government?

In the discussion in the Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, as to whether it should be represented in London at the pan-Presbyterian Convention, Dr. Palmer of New Orleans was strongly in the opposition. The Southern Church was held to be perfectly orthodox, bound to keep itself pure, and uncontaminated by any association with other so-called Presbyterian bodies. Dr. Palmer is a most inveterate bigot. His self-righteousness must greatly exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees. It is a wonder he does not separate from the Southern Church, and stand alone in his immaculate orthodoxy. He probably will do so, should the delegation which was appointed, in spite of his opposition, result in favor of union with other Presbyterian bodies. It is good news that his influence is on the wane.

A telegram from London says that the Pope, in reply to an address from College students in the United States, thanking him for making Archbishop McCloskey a Cardinal, said to them that "they must preach by example in order to convert that great nation."

Our two-cent and five-cent pieces have the motto, "In God We Trust," but our new twenty-cent piece has not. When a man gets that wealthy he does not propose to trust anybody, says an exchange.

The 55th annual convention of Swedenborgians opened on the 4th in New York City. There are 14 societies in the New York Association, with 610 members, and 338 Sunday-school scholars. There is a Theological Seminary at Waltham, Mass.

The (New York) *Tablet*, a Roman Catholic paper, gives a broad hint of what the Roman Church is thinking about, and what Protestants ought also to consider:—"An immense preponderance of electoral power is in the hands of the Catholics of this city, so that their united action would secure the success of any party or any question on behalf of which it should be secured."

A correspondent, in writing of Mr. Hammond's visit to California, says:—"In a court-room in Stockton, Cal., May 26, an important case was to have been tried. The jury had been shut up all night, and were dreading the long and weary trial that was before them. When the hour for trial arrived one of the lawyers arose and addressed the judge as follows: 'May I please your honor, you are perhaps aware that there is an eminent evangelist in our town, who has been doing all in his power as a peace-maker among our citizens. As a consequence of his labors the plaintiff and defendant have met and settled in an amicable manner this perplexing suit, which has already had two trials, and it is now, therefore, taken out of court.'"

THE LOST BOY.—During the last year more than \$60,000 were spent fruitlessly to restore to his home the child who had been so cruelly abducted, and the heart has not been found on the continent that says all this expenditure was too great. Our work is not to bring back a single boy to his earthly home, but to restore the thousands and millions of Charley Rosses all over the land to the bosom of the heavenly Father.—*Gillett*.

EDUCATIONAL.

A correspondent of the *Independent* states that about five years ago the Catholics of Missouri made an attempt, almost successful, for sectarian schools. But the result of an aroused public sentiment was an amendment to the State Constitution, forbidding the appropriation of any public fund for the support of any sectarian school, college, academy, etc. Connecticut is moving in the same direction. Let all the States follow suit.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, a Free Religionist, who disavows the name of Christian, pleads for the use of the Bible (or selections) in the schools "as a text book," it being "the great English classic," "a model of simplicity," affording "admirable studies in the composition, construction and development of the English speech."

The Board of Education of Rochester, N. Y., has voted "that all religious exercises of any nature be prohibited in the public schools"—which the *Christian Union* calls "a wise decision," but which the *N. Y. Observer* thinks is a step too far.

Rev. George Whipple, D. D., has been elected President of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Its property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Royal College of Persia at Teheran, has about 200 students, English, French and Russian are taught, the natural sciences, medicine, military tactics, drawing, etc.

At Harvard College the attendance of seniors at recitation is optional. Commencement occurred the 30th.

ITALY.—By a recent law, priests are not excused from military duty.

Professor Hart, of Cornell University, has been appointed National Geologist of Brazil, on a salary of \$10,000 a year.

Alvan Clarke, of Cambridge, is constructing a powerful telescope for the Austrian government.

Moung Edwin, a native Burmese, has just graduated at Columbia University, D. C., with high honors.

Andover Theological Seminary held its 37th anniversary on the 1st inst. The cornerstone of a new chapel, 120 feet by 53, was laid, to seat 528 persons.

Commencement at Yale College on the 1st. There were 136 graduates, of whom 43 were from the scientific school.

An English publishing firm has adopted the singular device of giving copies of its new books to the public libraries to create a demand among the readers.

Dr. Butler calls for more men speaking Spanish. John, his son, and Bro. Dees are rapidly becoming efficient preachers in that tongue.

TEMPERANCE.

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS RUINED BY HIM.

The Rev. J. J. Talbot, once an Episcopal clergyman, then a victim of intemperance, and expelled from his diocese, but now reformed, lectured at Torre Haute, Ind., a few days since. We extract the following from his address:—

"Though the words choke me, I am here to-night to say that every experience of my life is that wine is a mocker, and that nothing is proof against the seductive siren. The mightiest and greatest intellects of the world are blasted by her stratagems. It found me in the ranks of those who press to battle for the right. I stood up nobly and freely, and my soul knew no burden. But the destroyer came, clothed in the splendor of the sunlight—in beauty that bewildered my senses and polluted my soul.

"But you ask me how this ruin was wrought. First, by prescribed stimulants. Then, in that infernal delusion that moderate drinking was beneficial, came the habit of drinking wine at joyous occasions. I kept on; I fell; I laid aside the habiliments of Him that did only good, and wandered forth at the bidding of my own spell-bound will. I tell you, once upon the chains of strong drink, and you may flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, as I did, and the anger of God will follow you. I came home after years of wandering. At last the demon of delirium seized me, and the serpent of the still fastened on my quivering flesh.

"For five days and nights I lay at the gates of hell. But He was pleased to drag me forth from the presence of the ghosts with whom I held such awful converse. I can now survey the field, and measure the losses. The prime of my life was wasted. I had a high office, and an unsupplied character. This demon of wine dragged me down, and a drunkard's life was mine. I had means, but my riches fled. I had a beautiful home, but the demon entered, and the light faded from his halls. I had beautiful children, but this monster took their dimpled hands in his, and led them to the grave.

"I had a wife, whom to know was to love. To-night she sits in misery, while I wander restless over the earth. I had a mother, whose chief pride was my life, but the thunderbolt struck her too. Years of work in the cause of right may give back to these arms my loving wife. But, oh! what joy when I clasp in another world the hand of mother. And thus I stood, and thus I stand to-day, a husband without a wife, a father without a child—all swallowed up in the fearful maelstrom of drink.

"I stand with scarce a friend on earth! Oh, drink of that bitter cup, and then ask me if I can paint in too high colors the picture of my despair! Ask me if I hate the agent of my ruin! Hate it? I hate the whole damning traffic! I would to God that every distillery in this nation were in flames. I would write on the skies, in letters black as their smoke, 'woe, woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips!'"—*Northern Border*.

The following article should be carefully read by all, especially by all Christians. For Christian men and women to be identified with a great wrong like the liquor interest, is a monstrous violation of the principle of consistency.

"A WITNESS AT THE JUDGMENT."—In one of the towns of our State a young man of rare talent, but of inherited tendency to intemperance, but who had been an earnest laborer for the temperance cause, and had striven to banish the traffic as a means of protection to himself and others, like himself, easily subject to temptation, died recently of delirium tremens. About half an hour before he died reason returned, and he was calm. To his pastor he said, 'you know how it is with me. I gave tried to be sober, and lead a Christian life. I have failed. My appetite was too strong; the temptation was too great. There is no hope now. I am dying, and going to hell. But I have one request to make of you: I want you to get a copy of the names of those members of our Church who signed a petition for license to be given to that traffic which has been my destroyer, and place it on my breast when I am put into my coffin; for I wish to offer it at the Judgment seat of Christ, as one reason why I am lost.'"

Judge Van Colt, at the recent Prohibitory State Convention in Syracuse, N. Y., said:—"Another promise of success is, we are alarming the rum-

sellers, who are trying to stop our progress by using their money freely. I desire the great conflict to come in this generation, and as sure as the Church arrayed herself against this great evil there would be no doubt of the glorious result for the Prohibition party."

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHEAT—Superior, \$1.50; No. 1, \$1.45; No. 2, \$1.40; No. 3, \$1.35; No. 4, \$1.30; No. 5, \$1.25; No. 6, \$1.20; No. 7, \$1.15; No. 8, \$1.10; No. 9, \$1.05; No. 10, \$1.00; No. 11, \$0.95; No. 12, \$0.90; No. 13, \$0.85; No. 14, \$0.80; No. 15, \$0.75; No. 16, \$0.70; No. 17, \$0.65; No. 18, \$0.60; No. 19, \$0.55; No. 20, \$0.50; No. 21, \$0.45; No. 22, \$0.40; No. 23, \$0.35; No. 24, \$0.30; No. 25, \$0.25; No. 26, \$0.20; No. 27, \$0.15; No. 28, \$0.10; No. 29, \$0.05; No. 30, \$0.00.

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ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

The Fraternal Camp-meeting at Round Lake, for some reason, did not draw our Southern brethren. The excellent old Bishop Kavanagh, the venerable, genial and devout Dr. McFerrin, and Dr. Clark, who had a mission in his monumental Church at Savannah, were the only conspicuous representatives. There was nothing lacking in devices and symbols, stretched across the trees and ornamenting the stand, to signify the heartiness of Northern professors of fraternal welcome; but unfortunately the eyes for which they were prepared were not there to read them. Whether the leading men were kept back by the cynical criticisms of the Southern press of last year, or were reluctant to commit themselves until after our next General Conference, they were not on hand. It was affirmed by those that saw and enjoyed the conference, that the religious and religious privileges of the occasion, that their presence rather than their absence would be the noticeable fact next year. Heartily we say, may it be so!

Dr. Newman of Washington (whose injury by a fall from his horse in China, through the instrumentality of one of the resident missionaries became the occasion of introducing him to a broader and richer religious experience, the happy result of which was apparent in all his services at Round Lake) suggested this illustration of his renewed inward life, which became a favorite figure with him, its repetition being requested. He had, he said, brought back with him two vials of the water of the river Jordan. The water in one had been carefully filtered through charcoal, while that in the other remained as taken from the bed of the river. Both appeared to be equally pure, but in the unfiltered vial there was a sediment at the bottom. While the water was still there was no appearance of impurity, but when it was shaken the sediment was stirred and the water became riled. This the Doctor thought to be a good representation of the need and effect of deeper baptism in the Holy Ghost upon the heart. The partially sanctified Christian exhibits when undisturbed all the significant signs of a renewed heart, but when badly shaken by personal irritation, by temptation or trial, he is apt to become riled. The sediment which had been separated and driven from the surface, had been precipitated to the bottom. Under ordinary circumstances the immature Christian presents an unruined and unstained appearance, but in an hour of strong excitement the bottom of his soul is stirred, and the deposits begin to rise. In a thoroughly sanctified heart, on the other hand, as in the filtered vial, he said, whatever might be the nature of the discipline, the water remains unstained; no sediment arises, for the heart has been fully cleansed by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

It was, to say the least, a somewhat singular coincidence that the very efficient manager of the generous contribution taken at Round Lake Camp-meeting for the John Wesley Memorial Church in Savannah, under the auspices of the Southern branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, should have been Rev. B. I. Ives, whose fervent and unguarded words have been so widely circulated throughout the Southern press, and who has received so many very complimentary editorial notices in reference to them. He certainly exhibited the highest form of Christian charity on this occasion, and the most remarkable fraternity of feeling in his hearty advocacy of the brotherly act and in his personal contribution. Bishop Bowman, it will be recollected, was also associated with our cause in New York church-dedicator in the bitter criticisms upon the sentiments expressed in the memorable Boston Preachers' Meeting; and he also was one of the early contributors to the memorial fund on this occasion. If the Bishop should be ultimately called to dedicate the completed church, and Rev. Brother Ives to take the charge of the collection for any remaining indebtedness, they will then have secured all its sweet "revenge," and the beautiful robe of charity will have entirely covered all the galling words of that noted morning.

The occasion for the collection, which was the only public one taken at the meeting, was the request of Dr. Clark, Presiding Elder of the District embracing Savannah, Georgia. The Methodist Episcopal Church in this city needs a new edifice, and the membership is not able to meet the expense of it. It was proposed to take it monumental, and invite the whole Methodist family to aid in its construction, giving it the name of John Wesley, and making it a pillar of remembrance of Mr. Wesley's visit to this country.

The city of Savannah, however, is not associated with the most grateful reminiscences of our honored founder. At the time of his residence here he was one of the highest kind of high Churchmen, ritualistic, ascetic, and, in his own estimation in after years, ignorant of the personal experience of the Gospel he sought to preach to others. His ministry here was not a success, although his sincerity and earnestness were apparent. His zeal, at this time, without knowledge. His social troubles embittered the close of his labors, and he abruptly, and without regret in his own heart, or on the part of his flock, left his unpromising field of service. But if Savannah should happen to prove to be the scene of a real fraternization between the two great branches of the now divided Wesleyan body in this country, the memorial church would not be without significance; and if a real step could be taken (by its common construction) in this direction, the venerable saint might well smile from the skies upon such a consummation.

A subscription of one thousand dollars

was asked for, but within half an hour, amid the pleasant emotions, fifteen hundred dollars were raised.

SARATOGA.

Dr. Cuyler celebrates, we believe, his "silver" visit to Saratoga this year. For the twenty-fifth annual vacation he tastes its healing waters, as they gush freshly from their rocky springs. He met us at Dr. Strong's, his favorite boarding-place, with the buoyancy of his early manhood, full of the liveliest expectations of comfort and renewed health to be experienced in this wonderful sanatorium. During his visits here, from a small country village, with slightly-built wooden boarding-houses, Saratoga has gradually come to take on the appearance of a city, and has three or four of the largest, finest, and best-constructed hotels in the world.

In one respect we had the advantage of the popular and eloquent Doctor. Saratoga has long since lost the charm of novelty to him, while everything was new and surprising to us—this being our first visit to the town, although we have a number of times passed through it upon the railroad. The extent and magnificence of the hotels were not so unexpected as the size and beauty of the town itself, its many elegant private residences, the delightful rides all around it, its evidences of vigorous and constant growth, the richness of the soil, with the highly-cultivated gardens and farms (we had, we know not why, imagined it to be a sandy plain), and the wide extent and variety of its mineral springs. We had become familiar with a half-dozen varieties of these remarkable waters, and supposed that they were all embraced within a comparatively small circle. One of the most agreeable rides that we have taken for many a day at once disabused us of this error, and gave us a livelier idea of the amazing natural dispensary which the great Physician himself has provided in this charming valley.

All the various springs that have given an international reputation to different watering-places in central Europe, and all the peculiar mineral combinations to be found in the various States of our own country, find their representatives here—calcareous, diuretic, tonic, alterative, chalybeate, sulphur, Vichy, and Seltzer.

These springs have been discovered at different times—the oldest, and quite remarkable in its character, being High Rock, which was known to the Indians, and has been in use by their civilized successors for over one hundred years. The calcareous deposits of the water formed a sort of rock crater over the spring, which has given it its name, and out of it the waters are still bubbling and flowing away, as before the beginning of the century. Hon. H. H. Hathorn, member of Congress, the gentlemanly proprietor of the Congress Hotel, while removing the foundations of an old building, opposite the site of his great house, discovered indications of a spring. Developing these significant intimations, he soon opened up a fountain which is now, probably, the most popular in Saratoga with the visiting public, and is gradually coming to compete with the original Congress Spring in its immense sale of bottled waters throughout the country. It is said to have about the same qualities as the Congress, years ago—qualities which have not been fully retained in later years.

Through the politeness of Mr. Harvey, a member of our Church in Saratoga, and husband of our correspondent, Mrs. E. T. H. Harvey (better known, formerly, under the nom de plume of Thrice Talmon), Dr. Milroy of Drew Seminary, and the editor of this paper were enabled to visit nearly every spring during a delightful morning ride. There are now in operation from twenty-five to thirty within a circuit of four or five miles. Not knowing the extent of these divinely mingled chemicals, we commenced experimenting upon them in order, attempting to discover their various qualities by taste. A warm day, with the peculiar facility which the human system seems to have for appropriating these healing waters, enabled us to continue for a considerable time this pursuit of experimental knowledge; but it soon became evident that we should be martyrs to our zeal long before we had exhausted the list.

The most striking of these springs are the sparkling waters, a mile and a half south of the village, which have been developed since 1870. The principal one is called the Geyser. It was first discovered under a bolt factory, certain indications inducing the proprietors to bore for mineral waters. One hundred and forty feet below the surface they struck the spring; and from that time the inspiring waters have continued to burst forth incessantly, to the height of twenty-five feet. It is constantly bottled, and sent to distant markets, or exported in barrels encased with block tin, to be sold on draught; but all the time a great stream of it is flowing away, unappropriated. This suggests the familiar fact to every visitor of Saratoga, that at each spring visitors stand ready to fill the tumblers for visitors, asking no remuneration, but quietly receiving the stray pennies that may be dropped into their hands.

"Step right up," said a quaint police officer to the much-respected pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Saratoga, as we approached with him, one day, the Columbian Spring; "treat all your friends; it do not cost nobody nothing!"

One of the most beautiful spots, just out of the town, is the verdant Park, with its varied scenery, handsomely laid out by the proprietors of the Excelsior Spring. An attractive village will be likely soon to grow up here. Miss Smiley, the well-known Scripture inter-

preter, has a pretty little embowered cottage in this Park. The sulphur spring and bathing-house is a mile east of the central village, in the direction of the lake which has become so celebrated as the scene of the late regatta. Our afternoon ride took us to the south side of the lake, where the Wesleyan boys, some six miles from the village, had their quiet quarters, and were practicing their vigorous and self-denying training for the impending contest.

We have not space to enter afresh upon the discussion of the boating question; but we desire to bear hearty testimony to the manliness of the noble fellows who so well represented their college, in the best traits of character as well as in brave physical feats. We heard them spoken of only in terms of the highest respect. They walked to Saratoga, on the first Sabbath in the month, and a portion united with the Church in the enjoyment of the Lord's Supper. They did not win the highest place in the great match, but they lost no honor, and associated the name of their University with the oldest and best known of the country. However our judgment may fall to accept these public and somewhat perilous contests, costing so much time in preparation, as intrinsically academic, or as rendering adequate service to counterbalance the incidental perils, we do not hesitate to affirm that we were proud of the noble, sunburnt fellows that bore on their flag the name of our Alma Mater.

We cannot speak of the great features of Saratoga—its immense public halls, the United States, the Grand Union (owned by A. T. Stewart, and now valued, as furnished, at a million and a half), the Congress Hall, and the Clarendon. No description can give an idea of the impressiveness of these great structures, of the beauty of the grounds enclosed within their quadrangles, of the sumptuousness of the furnishing, or of the masses (of all ages, characters and social positions) that promenade the piazzas, the halls, and the parlors while the finest bands in the country discourse their music. It is a wonderful scene to look upon, but not the most inviting place, for many reasons, for one of limited means and quiet tastes to find a resting-place for any considerable time. It was calculated that an additional population to its ordinary citizens, of from fifty to seventy-five thousand persons, were in Saratoga during the week of the regatta.

Saratoga is full of small and very comfortable boarding-houses. Private families are accustomed to open their doors during the visiting season, and reasonable terms for permanent boarding can always be secured. Our old correspondent and agent, Rev. John Thompson, a superannuated and much-respected minister, who joined the conference in 1819, with his admirable wife, offer a very comfortable home for boarders, at moderate prices. We, however, speak from personal experience of a most inviting and delightful Christian home and sanatorium, under the charge of the Dr. Strong (father and son), familiarly called, by all that know them, "Dr. Senior" and "Dr. Junior." Their "Remedial Institute," made familiar to our readers by their standing advertisement in our columns, is located upon one of the finest streets in Saratoga, away from the bustle and dust of Broadway, and yet near enough for an occasional stroll through it, and convenient to the most valuable springs. The house can readily accommodate, with the utmost comfort, nearly two hundred guests, and can run over, as it usually does in the visiting season, into a number of adjoining houses. Nothing is lacking to make it a first-class hotel; and in addition, and crowning all, it offers to appreciating guests all the charm of a warm, domestic atmosphere, and the privileges of a daily family altar.

The Doctors, with their cultivated and polite families, devote themselves to the enjoyment and improvement of their guests. The heads of this establishment are thoroughly trained physicians, making, from the nature of their practice, chronic affections in both sexes a specialty. The house has unusual appointments to meet the wants and secure the improvement of invalids. The real Russian and Turkish bath, a luxury and a healing appliance—the electric, thermal and sulphur bath—the vacuum treatment—the health lift, and the laryngoscope—all the modern mechanism which the regular practice has accepted will be found in this thoroughly appointed institution. Many of our correspondents, ministers and laymen, with their suffering wives, have found relief and permanent benefit during the weeks they have passed under the care of these excellent physicians, in the use of the waters of the healing springs, and of the remedial discipline of the institution. We heartily recommend our neuralgic, nervous, overworked, and depressed readers to visit this delightful sanatorium, and try its successful forms of curative treatment.

We have only room barely to refer to the fine Church edifice of our denomination here. It is the largest in town, and one of the most imposing and admirably arranged of the denomination in the country. We know of no church where access to and from the broad galleries and from the assembly room to the street is so convenient and ample. It will seat about fifteen hundred persons. Over a thousand were present the Sabbath we worshipped there—among them representatives from all denominations and from all parts of the country. The Metropolitan Church at Washington is not a more important pulpit than the one at Saratoga. Our brethren here have done nobly, and merit the sympathy and aid of the Church in their endeavor, with great

effort, to provide an elegant free church in this town, where for three months the representatives of the civilized world are gathered. The friends of our New England brother, Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, will be pleased to know that he has more than met the expectations which occasioned his removal from the Providence Conference. He has steadily grown in popularity, both as a preacher and a pastor. He has no superior in the pulpit in the town, and his house, the year round, is well filled. It was pleasant to notice the unusual respect and the high estimation in which he is held. During the last winter his labors have been crowned with great spiritual success, and large additions have been made to the Church.

Thus ends our first and somewhat extended chapter on Saratoga. It will require less persuasion to induce us to accept an invitation there next time.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

What a marvelous change is that which occurs in the conversion of a human soul! It is a wonderful transition from one relation to another, and from one style of life to another. Even Holy Scripture, the language of inspiration, is best able to describe it by metaphors and illustrations. St. Paul at one time describes it as a death and resurrection, a dying to sin and a resurrection to a life of holiness, so that, as a dead man is no longer subject to the old control of a master he has served, the penitent is no longer in the old service of sin. It is also a rising again; but it is to a new life, under a new law, and to a new service of a new master. The same apostle in several passages presents the same idea, under the figure of putting off and putting on a garment, but nowhere in more vivid terms than in writing to the Colossians of their putting off the old man and putting on the new man, with their "deeds," the line of thought, temper, feeling, and action which belong to each. On the one side are anger, wrath, malignity, evil speech, foul abuse, and lying; on the other, yearning compassion for wrong-doers, kindness, lowliness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearance in present and forgiveness for past injuries, as freely and frankly "as the Lord forgave you," and love, as a girdle, binding together and keeping in their place the several pieces of the whole dress.

How hateful and vile then the old! It is more than a dress for the outside; it is character, as well as conduct, infecting and polluting the very springs of the life with a deadly poison, so that the whole life must of necessity be vile in God's sight, and offensive to all purity. There is nothing good, or pure or true in it; its underlying principle is selfish; and sin, in its full sense, is simply contrariety to God. Without the repressing influences which the Gospel supplies, and which in a Christian land always enter, more or less directly or indirectly, into our education, and our children will grow up monsters. Men dispute and deny the common doctrine of depravity; but we all know how constantly parental care is needed for the repression of evil in children, and what a long, continuous, and anxious task it is to get them fairly started in a career of virtue and nobleness. How happens it that only incessant watchfulness and care prevent the growth of evil, and promote the growth of goodness? Start a child in its life alone, or with such guidance as it may select for itself, and let it follow its own bent, without repression or restraint, and it will inevitably develop into a life of selfishness, passion, lawlessness, vice and crime; and with all our education and culture, everybody knows that we never feel the necessity of falling on our knees and asking the help of some superior power to an act of wrong-doing, while we do feel the need of God's help, and we ask God for it, for acts that we know to be right. Such is the strength of the very selfishness of our nature—offensive to God and destructive to men.

How blessed the new! It, too, is a character—character supernaturally infused, and built up only by the aids of divine grace, and in fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ. It is doubtless in a power greatly to modify the evil that we discern in ourselves; and indeed this is implied in all that we have said, and is in all our culture and discipline of ourselves. The passionate may acquire self-control; the selfish may become generous; the arrogant may become amiable; the drunken may become abstinent; the profane may become reverent; but this does not touch the roots of the evil; it is not the new man; it is a reformation, not a renovation. It does not begot lowliness of mind, or a following of the Lord Jesus. Excellent as it is, it does not go far enough, and must not be confounded with the holiness which God requires in men. The new is God's own work of transformation. His own character being the model, and His power His blessed word. Love is its underlying principle, breathing its hallowed influence over the whole soul, and subduing into itself every power of both soul and body, and so controlling the entire life. Such it is in its nature. We are not saying that its work is perfect in every young convert, or every Christian. On the other hand, we say that, with this as its beginning, through the power of the blessed Spirit it becomes more and more distinct and complete, ripening (in the truly earnest and devout) into a holy maturity, a glorious saintship, displaying before the eyes of all men a living proof of the truth of religion and the power of Christ.

How radical, then, is conversion! The blind is made to see; the persecutor turns preacher; and apostle; the leper is cleansed; the dead becomes alive; the new is the exact opposite of

the old. How deep down into the soul must the transforming, renewing energy of the Holy Spirit go, to work so wonderful a change as is here shown. Ritualism fearfully mistakes here, for no outward rite can change the soul. Every religious system which looks to a gradual self-culture as the instrument of a conversion which is therefore to be the result of long and painful processes, is equally wide of the mark. Three days wrought the mighty change from a persecuting Jew to a saved Christian preacher in Saul of Tarsus. Half a night made a humble, joyful, tender-hearted believer out of the inhuman, brutal Philippian jailer. "Sudden, mighty, supernatural, the work went down to the bottom. Not over their hearts might have been written the epithet of 'healed slightly,' which is really no healing that could endure the roughness of life's temptations and storms, or stand the test of the Judgment Day.

May our readers have the new heart, lead the new life, be entitled to the new name, and enabled to sing the new song!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The public services held in connection with the Irish Conference have been in many respects remarkable. The official sermon of the president, preached in the Conference church on the opening day, was a marvel of oratory, and accompanied by astonishing unction and power. It was both deep and clear in thought, felicitous in style and expression, after the preacher's best manner, and delivered with even more than his accustomed grace and energy. The Conference prayer-meeting, too, was an exceedingly precious and hallowed one, and gave token that the Irish brethren have been partaking largely of that quickened life and richer baptism of the Holy Ghost which have so remarkably distinguished the past year or two in the United Kingdom. The open session, at which addresses from kindred Conferences are read, and representatives of such Conferences are received and heard, was held on the evening of the second day. It was a deeply interesting meeting. Rev. Gervase Smith (Secretary of the British Conference), Rev. John Walton (formerly a missionary in Ceylon), and Rev. Dr. Curry were the principal speakers. Mr. Smith's address was very witty, witty, and powerful; Mr. Walton sustained his reputation as a graceful, thoughtful and powerful speaker; Dr. Curry deeply interested the audience by the story of your marvelous growth and progress. Altogether, the meeting was a great success.

The ordination service, last night, was solemn and impressive in the extreme. The Conference church was packed by a denser crowd than I have seen for a long time. Five young ministers, having completed their probation, were ordained to the holy ministry by the imposition of hands. Each of them in the first instance gave a brief but most satisfactory account of his conversion, call to the ministry, and present religious experience. After the ordination they were addressed by the president in a charge which none who heard it can ever forget. I never heard even Dr. Punshon approach the weight and power of that wonderful charge. It was founded on Acts xxviii, 20. After bidding the young brethren a hearty and loving welcome into the ministry, and enjoining most earnestly and solemnly upon them the cultivation of deep piety and of the qualities of mind and heart necessary to usefulness and success, he dwelt with great emphasis upon the sphere and spirit of their duty. The Christian ministry was a divine commission, an earnest testimony, an evangel of positive truth, and a pastoral relation. On each of these topics he dwelt at length, and enforced the duties growing out of them with overwhelming pathos and power. God has been conspicuously with His honored servant in his public work here. He preached on Sunday last in Ulster Hall, a room capable of accommodating nearly if not quite 3000 persons sitting, and probably there were more than 4000 present, as it was densely crowded, and many hundreds were unable to obtain admission. I was not present, but according to universal opinion the discourse was a magnificent one indeed. In the chair of the Conference, also, Dr. Punshon has displayed the very finest capabilities. He is indeed a master—firm, skillful, adroit, and at the same time genial and kindly in the extreme. He has won all hearts in the Conference.

The business of the Conference has been very interesting and important. Two or three questions of vital importance, either on their own merits or because of the interest which they have excited, have been under discussion. One of these is what is called here "the Bible-wine question," relating to the kind of wine to be used at the Lord's Supper. A great deal of exciting and even agitating discussion has been going on, both in the public prints and in various Church-courts. The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which has just held its sessions in Londonderry, devoted three days to it. Great ability was displayed by speakers on both sides, the one desiring to sanction the use of unfermented wine, the other arguing against such sanction. In the end the Assembly, by a majority of 300 to 20, refused to permit any change in the materials of the sacrament. A similar overtone was made to this Conference, and the greater part of the session on Monday was taken up with the debate upon it. The speech of the day was that delivered by the Secre-

tary, Rev. J. W. McKay, who argued against it. I have seldom heard an argument so weighty, so close, and so powerful. It carried complete conviction with it, and the Conference, by a majority of 83 to 11, accepted the amendment which he proposed.

The question of lay representation in the Conference has also been considered, and resolutions in favor of a scheme for effecting such representation have been unanimously adopted. It cannot, however, be acted upon for at least another year. The Irish Conference is, by virtue of our founder's "poll deed," an integral part of the British Conference. Now the latter, at its last session, appointed a committee to consider the question, and to report to the next Conference. Of course that report must be received, and some resolution adopted upon the principle, before any scheme for carrying out can be entertained. But the question has been forced by circumstances to the front rank among the "burning questions" of the day. A majority of the English District-meetings appear to approve of some carefully prepared and guarded plan of lay representation for all financial, legislative, and administrative purposes. Laymen are joined for such purposes with ministers in our District-meetings, and I cannot see any objection to assimilating Conference to District-meeting action. I expect the Conference will appoint a committee, composed of ministers and laymen, to consider the whole question, to ascertain its legal bearings, and to report their opinion as to its desirability and practicability.

There is an active negotiation going on between our Church in Ireland and the Primitive Wesleyans. Many years ago a large secession from us occurred, on the ground of an objection to the action of the Conference in permitting its ministers to administer the sacraments. The seceding party took the name of "Primitive Wesleyans," and has ever since resorted to Episcopal Churches for the sacraments. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church has greatly altered the situation, and there is now a very strong desire on both sides for re-union. The subject remains for further consideration.

YOUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The preaching at Round Lake, as would be inferred from the report of our estimable correspondent, was excellent, and remarkably varied in character. The sermons of Bishops Andrews and Harris lingered in the memories of their hearers, and were often referred to. Dr. Milroy of Drew Theological Seminary, preached a very able and clear discourse upon the character and offices of our Lord Jesus Christ. Dr. Foss was both practical and eloquent, leaving a tender and blessed impression upon the great congregation that listened to him. The sermon of Bishop Wiley was one of great power, distinct in statement, chaste in utterance, and rising in the closing portion of it to the most persuasive and subduing eloquence. Dr. Newman was never more gratefully heard than at this camp-meeting. His powerful missionary address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, largely illustrated by personal observations in our Oriental work, was one of his happiest efforts. We hope to hear it repeated in this vicinity. His sermon on the Sabbath was both a source of great enjoyment and a benediction to the large congregation. The angel has evidently touched the Doctor's lips with a fresh coal from the altar. His new volume, embodying the incidents of his late round-the-world tour, will soon be issued by the Harpers, and will, without doubt, meet with a ready welcome. We heard Bishop Bowman for the first time at this camp-meeting. We have rarely enjoyed a more satisfying or delightful discourse. Eminently simple and Scriptural, profusely and admirably illustrated, delivered with the most fluent and easy, natural and graceful in gesture, with a musical voice and persuasive tones, the Bishop carried his audience with him, from the beginning to the close of his sermon. At one time, when referring to the power of Christianity exhibited even amid the horrors of the late civil war, he rose to such a climax of devout and patriotic fervor that there was an involuntary response throughout the audience. "Christ, our peace," was the theme; and during the chief part of the sermon all hearts melted under it. Altogether, this international meeting was attended by marked moral power, and was ministered to with great profit by the chief preachers of the Church.

Our gushing way of characterizing public speakers is quite likely to injure them rather than aid them, creating as it does often false expectations. No discourse was more eagerly expected by many hearers than that of Bishop Kavanagh, in view of the exceedingly warm descriptions of his preaching at the meeting last year. If some were disappointed when they heard him this year, it was due to this exaggerated characterization of his previous efforts. Bishop Kavanagh is about seventy-five, and, though wonderfully vigorous, bears the usual marks of age. He is an easy speaker, voluble, with a pleasant voice, a very free manner, without the genius of Father Taylor, but with his habit of entirely unadorned, extemporaneous address. He did not enjoy in his youth the culture of the schools, but was endowed with excellent sense, a pleasant address, and was in advance of the intellectual average of the people to whose spiritual needs he administered. With a rich religious experience, a lively humor, a magnetic temperament, and studious habits, he became, fifty years ago, one of the most popular preachers of Kentucky. His earnestness and devotion have enabled him to retain his grasp upon the affection and respect of those that have known him. His early fame as a pulpit orator has not died away, but preceded him in his late visit to the North. But among those who had heard of him in the vigor of his manhood his present efforts hardly seemed to reach the measure of his reputation. He is one of the kindly, simple-hearted, pure and godly ministers who form the salt of the Churches, and leave behind them a precious memory.

The Catalogue of Maine Wesleyan Seminary, for 1874-5, reveals an excellent record for this deservingly popular "college of the people." During its three terms it has had 670 pupils. In the fall term of 1874 there were 274 present. It has a full college course for ladies, and gives a thorough preparation for all our collegiate institutions to young gentlemen. Its site is unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness, its appointments of the highest order, and its moral tone such as a Christian parent desires in the education of a child. It has a large and excellent faculty, with the most popular educator in the country, Dr. Henry P. Torrey, at its head. Its students everywhere are honored by, and bring honor to, their Alma Mater. We notice that one of the chief ministers of the New York Conference, with characteristic wisdom, sends two of his nice boys to Kent's Hill. The Seminary will be proud of them hereafter, if they live.

Dr. M. C. Briggs has a specially interesting paper in the last *Northeastern*, under the title of "The Color-line and Holiness." The article sets forth, with the Doctor's characteristic vividness, the Christian holiness, not of the noble men merely who are laboring among the colored people at the South, at great personal sacrifice, but the even nobler bearing and endurance of their cultivated and excellent wives—such elect women as Mrs. Hartwell, wife of the President of the Southern District, Mrs. Leavitt, Mrs. Daly and Mrs. Dr. Brayton, and we might add Mrs. Abbott of Charleston, and Mrs. Dr. Cooke of Orangeburg, South Carolina, and others of whom the world is not worthy. Their husbands find some external society, but these godly women are almost utterly cut off from a cultivated social life. Dr. Briggs says of them—

"They are refined and thoughtful, accustomed to the best society, able to carry a graceful part in playful, serious, or scientific conversation. These ladies, with many other reasons that they are identified with the 'Church North,' and are employing their rare gifts for noble and saving 'niggers.' It is not easy to overstate the systematic severity of the ostracism alluded to. I have already confessed the clear probability that, in their position, we should exhibit qualities as harsh and unreasoning as do the Southern people. But the injustice is not less flagrant because we might have been guilty of it but for the accident of living on the other side of a geographic line. Nor is the disconcerting occasion less severe. Some hyper-independent lady reader may find it vastly easy to pick-pool at the unseemly weakness of all who are feminine enough to feel the sting of neglect and scorn. The theories of the inexperienced, and the merciful thickness of the skin of the unselfish, are more curious than cogent, as factors in this argument. The ladies of whom I am writing have a human nature, and are susceptible to the impressions of human trials. Women who know nothing of the power of passion, or the sting of adverse and ungenerous public opinion (quite contrary, notwithstanding, to the general opinion), are strong." They are not wholly without congenial society; but the little circles of which they are members are small and isolated islands in the social sea. Yet these dauntless women fill their places with a fortitude most admirable to behold, shedding a Christ-like beauty on all colors and conditions. This is a noble record, to be read with universal admiration when the little dignities and pretensions of the thousand-and-one feminine societies are forgotten."

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, once a Boston Unitarian, now the editor of a Roman Catholic Review, has not entirely lost his habit of independent thinking and speaking. He has just now seriously stirred the bile of our Celtic brethren by a wholesale and slashing criticism upon them. He blames them for their voluntary and vicious poverty, for having so many un-cared-for children, and ignorant, drunken men; and declares also that the Irish love for America is all talk, and nothing more. He illustrates this by charging that, in the city of New York alone, during the war, 7000 Irishmen, who were American citizens, "and voted at our elections," renounced their citizenship, and claimed the protection of England.

The Pilot does not enjoy this severe castigation and retorts with a good deal of bitterness upon the Doctor, intimating that his judgment of a whole class has been occasioned by his wounded pride on account of the sharp rebuffs he has received from one Irish editor. Irish truths are, however, sometimes told in anger, and Dr. Brownson's embittered vanity may be overruled as a blessing in disguise to the Roman Church. Certainly there is an immense missionary work to be done among neglected and criminal Irish children and families.

The suggestion of some of the political newspapers, and of more of the professional politicians, that the temperance question should be dropped, is a very serious one, no matter from what standpoint it is seen. If the Republican party drops this issue it will in so doing drop the friends of prohibition, and they can hardly be spared on election day. To ignore this issue is to consent to the existence of the present law; and when the Republican party does that, it will lose the confidence and votes of thousands of its best members, and the whole policy, in a case of this kind, is the heroic one—to meet the issue squarely, expose one side or the other of it, and appeal to the people for support. Failure to do this means defeat, by the loss of men who have positive convictions.

Two editors of Atlanta came near fighting a duel lately over a sermon of Bishop Haven, reported in one of the city papers. After calling each other bad names, and abusing the Bishop, the editor of *The Constitution* called him *The Herald* a coward; whereupon the former rolled up his sleeves, saying he had once before withdrawn from the Church to fight the latter, and was ready to do it again! They therefore started together for West Point, a hundred miles distant, for a dreadful encounter, and came back unharmed, the seconds declaring that both of them had behaved like gentlemen! Bishop Haven offered to be chaplain for both when they buried their quarrel!

The *Heavenly Woman's Friend* for July commences a new volume. It has been enlarged one half, having now twenty-four pages, and is one of the handsomest papers in its mechanical execution, that comes to our office. The present number is devoted to the sixth annual report of the Society, and it is a model in fullness and comprehensiveness. It should be widely circulated. It forms the unsparing, and the best illustration being of the Society, and the best illustration of its wonderful possibilities in the future. Circulate this beautiful and instructive sheet.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—The new and charming route to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, via Old Colony Railroad, is doing a most successful business, and its patrons express themselves in glowing terms regarding the beauties of the route, and its excellent management.

The new and delightful route recently opened by the Old Colony Railroad from New York to Martha's Vineyard direct, via the splendid steamers Bristol and Providence, and railway from Fall River, is receiving the patronage which its surpassing merits deserve.

The enterprise of this company is, we are happy to learn, appreciated by the traveling public.

The address of Hon. Charles Francis Adams at Amherst Commencement was a remarkable one, in many respects. It was expected that it would be elevated, broad in its views, and would treat of vital, political subjects; but that it should be so Christian, and marked by such incisive spiritual discernment, was indeed a very happy surprise. His chief inquiry was, "What education must do?" Among other high offices of it, he considered the work before him—the growth of indifference on one hand, and skepticism, and the other to superstition, and neither of them a healthy symptom. He summed up, in a few words, the hour to challenge their highest possibilities, and enter the pulpit. What is remarkable is the spirit and consecration in which he (a layman and a statesman) affirms that, alone, any grand result can be attained. He declares the need of the hour (and Mr. Adams has always been considered anything but an enthusiastic Christian, being a Unitarian in his Church alliance) to be a great revival, and of successors even to such a Whitefield and Wesley to bring it about. A Methodist, he voluntarily says "amen" to this. Are kings becoming nursing fathers? With Gladstone preaching the Gospel in England, and Charles Francis Adams in America, there is hope for the Church and for the world.

We naturally desire to know something of the persons of those that administer to our intellectual and moral well being. We are pleased to have a portrait of the author of an entertaining book, and involuntarily form our ideas, which are quite often very wide of the mark, of the personal appearance of clergymen and editors of whom we hear, or after whom we read. "I thought the editor of Zion's Herald," said a venerable minister in Saratoga, with a look of unmistakable disappointment, "was a tall, stout man, with a face covered with bushy whiskers." He was hardly prepared to accept the "original Jacobs." We felt the same natural curiosity to meet the present editor of the *Methodist*. We confess to an abundant satisfaction from the interview. Prof. Wheeler is of small proportions physically, but of an attractive personal bearing, quiet and cultivated in his manners, the embodiment of the fraternal feeling he is so earnestly advocating in his columns. He has a natural editorial habit, an ease and grace of expression, and an abundant training in schools and travel for his new and delicate position. We prophesy a successful career to the new editor, and most heartily accept his proffered hand of fraternal Christian fellowship.

We have no longer a patent on camp-meetings. Not only do all denominations flock to our great sea and lake-side "retreats," but already several denominations have spread their own tents, and invited the tribes of Israel to worship with them. The Presbyterians have their tabernacle, tents and cottages at Cape May Point, New Jersey, and are having nice times there; and now our vigorous and aqueous brethren of the Baptist order have leased adjoining grounds at the Vineyard, and will have public services at an early day. God bless them! The world is wide and wicked enough for all the hosts in the various battalions to draw out in battle array. There is but one flag, after all, and that is the Cross.

We are glad to receive positive assurance from official sources that the newspaper intimation, that the frigate Constitution, "Old Ironsides," was to be broken up, is utterly unfounded. So far from this she has been sent to Philadelphia, to be repaired and put in order, and thus made one of the most interesting national relics for the Centennial exhibition. This is a movement in this land, not even Bunker Hill, that is invested with more thrilling associations than this venerable man-of-war. Long may her flag wave over her glorious old wooden walls!

The College of Liberal Arts and School of Theology will open two weeks later than usual, the coming fall. This change is made to bring the openings of all departments nearer to a common date. Both the above departments commence September 22. Students desiring to pass half their examination with a view to entering the college a year from this fall, will be allowed to do so. The number of candidates who successfully passed the whole entrance examination in June gives indication that the new Freshman class will be at least fifty per cent. larger than either of the preceding ones.

We noticed at length, some time since, a fine octavo volume entitled "History of the Great Temperance Reforms of the Nineteenth Century." It is an encyclopedia of information in this important movement. Its author is Rev. James Shaw. It is a volume full of incident, fact and argument, and will be of invaluable service to lecturers, ministers, and all who are engaged in the cause. It is fully illustrated, and makes a valuable and handsome addition to the family library. James P. Magee has it for sale.

Bishop Haven, accompanied by his son and nephew, reached St. Louis last Saturday morning. He preached at the Trinity Church, Rev. O. M. Stewart pastor, in the morning, and at night delivered his lecture, "Religion in Mexico," to a crowded house in Union Methodist Church. They left St. Louis on Tuesday morning, intending to spend Wednesday evening at Lawrence, and Thursday evening at Topeka, Kansas. The visit has given great satisfaction to the Church, and we think was very agreeable to the Bishop. He was the guest of Brother Norton Newcomb, says the *Central*.

A private letter from Dr. Abel Stevens, dated at Martine's Institute, Frankfort-on-Main, gives assurance of his recovery, health and ability to continue his literary labors. He says: "I am improving in health continually, though slowly, and work somewhat, with renewed pleasure, chiefly in editorial labors for the New York newspapers. I had almost everywhere here Americans seeking sleep. Insomnia must be epidemic in the United States. The subject needs some attention from your journalists."

Our Dr. Mallard seemed to be moved in a private note he writes in Athens. "O, Doctor, what a city this is! I wish I was stationed here, on half pay, or no pay at all, with a dozen, or even a half dozen Holy Ghost Methodist preachers who could speak this fluent language. This country needs American Methodism as much as ever a starving man needed bread."

For Northern and Western tourists one of the most convenient and satisfactory manuals is "Key's Hand Book." It has been carefully corrected for 1875, and is for sale by A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington Street. It has a good map, and a full description of routes, hotels, picturesque scenes, etc.

We understand that the fortieth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. B. W. Allen takes place on the 4th of August next. Although it is not proposed to celebrate the event by any formal gathering, yet the friends of our brother and his companion, in and out of the country, can send them their congratulations. They reside in Malden, Mass., where they commenced housekeeping forty years ago.

Brother W. J. Gaines, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Columbus, Georgia, made a very animated address at the Preachers' Meeting, Monday, which was warmly received. He is seeking aid, with the highest credentials, for the Church edifice which he is building. He well deserves it.

Rev. J. W. Carhart, D. D., of Oshkosh, Wis., is spending a few days with his friends at the East.

CORRECTION.—"Songs in the Night," 2d stanza, last line, first page in last *HERALD*, should read,
A hand that was wounded, and tortured, and torn,
Is laid on my reverend head.
Doth tenderly bend over my bed;
Each moment 'till 'till watching, my sorrow, with love,
Who doth so sweetly wait watching with thee.

CLOSE OF ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.
This grand, glorious, fraternal gathering beneath the trees and by the blue lake shore is drawing to its close. Already many who have been gladdened by their presence, and strengthened our hearts by their words of heavenly counsel and wisdom, have departed, perhaps never to greet us again this side of the river; but that other side has come so near, by means of the various lines brought to bear upon it during these blessed days, that it does not seem long till that time; and, meanwhile, we know that "God owns both shores."

The services have been unintermittent, and well sustained; congregations much larger than during the first week; and the interest apparently much deeper. Nevertheless the Camp-meeting of 1875 has borne the character of a holiness convention, all through, in which many weary souls have "entered into rest," though there have been some sinners converted—more perhaps than could be registered anywhere except in the Lamb's book of life. The preaching throughout has been remarkably good and capable, though the following sermons stand out pre-eminently:—Bishop Andrews, Galatians vi, 7-9; S. B. Leach, Daniel, xii, 1; Dr. Nelson, Matthew vii, 2; Bishop Harris, Isaiah xi, 9; Bishop Foster, 1 John, iii, 2; Dr. Foss, Gal. ii, 20; Bishop Kavanaugh, Matt. xvi, 26, and Prov. vii, 35; Bishop Wiley, 1 Peter, i, 16; Dr. Newman, Rev. vii, 13; Bishop Bowman, Eph. ii, 14; and the four colored Bishops, who surprised your correspondent, at least, by their graceful, dignified manners, easy, correct diction, clear, shrewd sense, and fervid eloquence. Tuesday, the 6th, was given up to them, and was perhaps as profitable a day as any.

The memorial service, on Thursday morning, was of special interest. It opened at 8 o'clock, with the old hymn,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"
and a prayer by Dr. Newman; Elder Marshall then read Psalm xxiii, and an original hymn by Dr. Bottoms was sung. Bishop Harris then pronounced a glowing eulogium on Rev. Dr. Edgely, his life, history, character, services and death; Bishop Wiley brought his tribute to Dr. Lore; Professor King spoke for Stephen D. Brown; Bishop Foster for Dr. Wakeley; and Bishop Jones for the apostle of holiness, Phoebe Palmer, giving at the same time his own views of the doctrine as taught in Scripture, held by the Church, and exemplified in experience.

The anniversary of the Round Lake Woman's Missionary Society was another notable feature of this Camp-meeting. The report of last year was read by the secretary, and Dr. Newman delivered a superb address on the state of society in the East, the need for missionary work there, especially woman's work, and the wonderful successes of the last twenty-five years. A smaller meeting was held on the 12th, at which Mrs. Governor Wright read a very able paper descriptive of her own visitation of various mission stations in Constantinople, Thessalonica, Athens, Beyrout, Banat, Jerusalem, Ajlun, Madid and Paris. On Tuesday a similar meeting was held, addressed by Mrs. Dr. Newman, who spoke beautifully of some incidents of her Oriental trip, and Mrs. Lambeth, for many years resident in Shanghai, who explained many Chinese customs, and sang two of our hymns, translated into that monosyllabic language.

At the close of the service on Monday morning a petition was presented by Rev. Dr. Clark of Savannah, requesting subscription towards the erection of a Wesleyan memorial chapel in that city, the only one in which John Wesley ever statedly preached in this country. The appeal was gladly responded to, and over \$1500 soon subscribed. The attendance during this second week has been very large, thousands coming up from the city and from Saratoga every day, besides the multitude whose temporary home is upon the ground. Sunday was perhaps the brightest and most beautiful day which ever blessed this world, and its glories were but a type of the joy which glowed in the multitude of Christian hearts assembled at Round Lake. At the close of Dr. Newman's eloquent appeal to seek that character which is represented as "washed white in the blood of the Lamb," multitudes that could scarcely be counted pressed forward, knelt at the altar, and professed to find that peace which passeth all understanding.

Children's meetings (under the charge of Mrs. Bottoms), young people's (under various leaders), ministers' meetings, and private meetings have been carried on each day (ten, at least), and two love-feasts, in addition to the regular services. On this last morning a fraternal meeting of great latered was held at the stand. Bishop Jones spoke on the fellowship of saints, and read letters of regret from some not able to be present; Dr. McFerrin represented the Methodist Episcopal Church South, giving its statistics; Dr. Greer spoke for Canada, and spoke of the union achieved last September; Dr. Drinkhouse gave the history of the Methodist Protestant Church, and Bishop Jones a touching statement concerning the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Churches; and Bishop Miles spoke of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Churches of America—the youngest with the biggest name—after which a resolution to repeat the meeting next year was read, and unanimously adopted.

Dr. Bottoms preached the last sermon, and the closing farewell service, of sacrament and hand-shaking, slightly interfered with by the heavy showers, closed the Round Lake Fraternal meeting of 1875.

and, he has commenced his labors under very favorable circumstances.

THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

England.—A plan has been adopted, by which poor Dissenting ministers, with salaries from \$20 to \$500 a year, may receive donations of valuable books, the amount given by their respective congregations being duplicated from other sources. The *Christian World* (London) acknowledges donations of books and money for this purpose, and states that from its office have been sent out 124 volumes to Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan and other ministers. Applications were coming in far beyond the plan to supply, and greater contributions are called for.

The Permissive (Local Option) Bill for the suppression of intemperance has been defeated in Parliament. An enthusiastic meeting in its favor was held at Exeter Hall, and its address was Cardinal Manning, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M. P., and several other members of the House. "Moody and Sankey special trains" have been run to London. Mr. Freeman, a clergyman of the Establishment, having arranged to preach for Rev. Dr. Parker, Independent, has been forbidden by his Bishop. A public meeting has been held in London to discuss the subject. The law imposes a hard restriction upon broad-minded Churchmen, and puts Dissenting ministers in an inferior position, they not being recognized as clergymen, nor their places of worship as consecrated.

The Earl of Aberdeen has laid the "foundation-stone" of two cottages, as the beginning of a home for destitute girls. Nine acres are set apart for the purpose upon which thirty cottages are to be erected, each to hold twenty children and a matron. Mr. Sankey was present, and sang "Rescue the Perishing." The Conference at Brighton, conducted by Mr. Pearson Smith, was very numerous attended for several days, and was of quite a remarkable character. About two hundred evangelical preachers from France, Switzerland and Germany were present. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have held their farewell meeting in London. They refuse to accept any memorial offering. At the meeting 700 clergymen were present, among them 138 Church of England ministers. Mr. Moody spoke with the deepest feeling. In connection with Cambridge University is Gerton College, established for the benefit of poor women. It has not yet received many students. Its graduates do not receive university degrees. But that must come, by and by. The opium trade with China has been discussed in Parliament, with a view to its suppression. The motion for investigation was opposed, on the ground that without the revenue from opium the British government in India could not be supported. The consciences of the world would then say, Let it fall. The Bible has something to say about the "wages of iniquity." England cannot afford to defy the Almighty, even if she lose her Indian empire.

Ireland.—The 106th annual Conference of the Methodist Church met in Belfast, with Dr. Funcher for president. There were 271 students. The endowment fund for widows, ministers and ministers' widows, was \$77,670. The centennial anniversary of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, and the champion of universal liberty, will be celebrated on the 6th of August.

Belgium.—Since the recent demonstration of Ultramontane bigotry and intolerance several distinguished persons have become Protestants.

Spain.—By the new constitution the Senate will consist of 300 members. Deputies to the Lower Chamber are to be chosen for five years, one for every 5,000 inhabitants. The King appoints and dismisses the President of the Senate, and has the right of veto. He can dissolve the Chamber and the elective portion of the Senate, but must convoke new Chambers within three months. The constitution guarantees personal and religious liberty.

France.—The latest accounts of the disasters from the floods are more heart-rending than the first. The city of Rouen is ten feet under water, and the surrounding districts have suffered terrible loss of life and property.

Iceland.—There has been a fearful volcanic eruption.

DOMESTIC.

The Pilot, 10th inst., has a terrible passage-alarm with his co-Catholic neighbor, Dr. Brownson, of whom he says, "he steps off the path to take a howl in the primeval savagery of his nature." The Pilot, in a rough way, shows a far more generous spirit than does the *Independent* in reference to Protestants. The *Independent* has been interesting weekly sketches of eminent graduates of Bowdoin College—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Cheever, etc.—There were 4,694 marriages in Connecticut in 1874, and 4,692 divorces—a bad showing for the "land of steady habits." Judge Morrill has fined the manager of an opera house in Texas \$500 for refusing to let a colored man to come to the theatre.

A writer in *The Presbyterian* says the "Gegon" law of Ohio, which gave free license to Roman priests to visit the prisons of the State, contrary to the expectations of many, does not injuriously affect "the religious order or discipline of penal or reformatory institutions." The Protestant chaplain of the Penitentiary at Columbus has a regular company of 1,200, and has Lawrence, on the 12th, the Catholic Irish made a wanton and riotous attack upon an innocent company of Orangemen, who, with their wives and children, were on their return from a picnic. Several persons were seriously injured. The Roman Catholics are unmolested on St. Patrick's day, but take the liberty of molesting Protestant Irishmen who show a bit of an Orange ribbon. Why do the Pope, or his emissaries, our "prince cardinal," teach his subjects better manners?—On the 12th, in New York, two men, passing themselves off as plumbers, got into a house at midday, and handcuffed an old lady, the only occupant, and stole \$40,000 in Virginia State bonds.

There to be elected an iron fence on the Tremont side of Boston Common.—The new Union Railroad Depot at Worcester is 450 feet by 250. It is proposed to hold, at Caldwell, Ohio, September 1, 2 and 3, a Soldiers' National Re-union, comprising members of the federal and confederate armies, and distinguished men from the North and South, of all parties, both white and colored. The object is to bury the hatchet. The population of New York City is 1,600,000, though some put it as high as 1,800,000.—The property of the late Samuel Hooper amounts to \$1,894,955.33.—Robert Dale Owen is hopelessly insane.—The City Marshal of Lawrence was requested by the mayor to resign, and has resigned. Col. Philbrick takes his place.—The trainees are becoming worse than an annoyance. They are becoming thieves and murderers, or attempt to be. A man was shot at, near Dighton, by a tramp who demanded money. The Legislature must look after this increasingly dangerous class. Let them be set to work, or sent to jail.—The National Temperance Convention has held a

six days' session at Sea Cliff, L.I.—Another effort has been made to release Tweed, or have his bail of \$50,000 reduced.—Five illegal distilleries have been seized in South Carolina.—At the Intercollegiate Regatta at Saratoga, on the 13th, Cornell won the race, Harvard standing second, Brown third, and Princeton fourth.

Two Ring thieves are making restitution of the property stolen from the city.—Gov. Chamberlain of South Carolina, is visiting his mother at West Brookfield.—A letter in the *New York Tribune*, from Thurston Weed, shows that in our late war Queen Victoria earnestly sought to maintain peace between England and America, while Louis Napoleon was "unquestionably in favor of the Confederate States, and desired to aid them, even at the expense of a war with our government, because France wanted cotton."—An enthusiastic demonstration in honor of Mr. Beecher was held at Peekskill, on the 12th, by about a thousand persons, at which he made an hour's speech.—A Ladies' Centennial Commission has been formed in Arkansas.

The counting of money in the United States Treasury, in consequence of the coming-in of the new Treasurer, Mr. Sew, has been accomplished. Ten millions of gold were counted. Gen. Spangler's account was found correct, to a cent.—Of postal cards 107,616,000 were sold during the year ending June 30th—16,537,000 over the issue of the previous year; ordinary letter postage was \$18,271,479—an increase of nearly \$1,000,000; newspaper and periodical postage stamps, \$215,925,372; of ordinary stamped envelopes and wrappers, over \$4,000,000; of postal cards, \$1,076,100. Total issues for sale to the public \$23,288,018.81—an increase for the year of \$2,219,734.05.—There are between \$10,000,000 and \$11,000,000 in silver coin and bullion in the United States Treasury.—The Atlantic Cotton Mills at Lawrence have closed for eight weeks, and 1,230 operatives dismissed.—Following the lead of Gov. Tilden, of New York, and adopting his very language, the Democratic platform of Minnesota declares that the adoption of the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments to the federal constitution is a final settlement of the struggle that grew out of slavery. All parties must henceforth stand upon them.—The Legislature of New York has appropriated \$200,000 to the American Museum of Natural History, located in Central Park, New York City. The institution is to be conducted on the most liberal plan. The large building in the Park will be at once completed.—The potato bug has reached Massachusetts. Let everybody watch him, and despatch him, as soon as seen.—Look out for gentlemen calling at houses and inquiring for the water or gas pipes.—Prof. Marsh has followed up his exposure of Indian frauds by some very definite and damaging statements, which Secretary Delano will have to explain, or be convicted of complicity with bad men, or gross incompetence.—Peter B. Sweeney, one of the chief Tweed ring thieves, is expected to return from Europe. His share of the spoils was \$700,000 out of the \$7,000,000 stolen by the gang. Sweeney's bail is fixed at \$150,000.—The population of Brooklyn, N. Y., is estimated at 500,000, an increase of more than 100,000 since 1870.—The limit of settlement upon the public domain is nearly reached.—The death of the widow of the late Sir John Franklin occurred in London, Sunday night. She became in 1826 the second wife of Sir John, and accompanied him to Van Diemen's Land, on his appointment to the governorship of that colony, nine years before he started on his third expedition to the Northern Sea. In the spring of 1848 she offered large rewards to any persons discovering or affording relief to the missing party, or making any extraordinary exertions, with this object. She subsequently fitted out expeditions (chiefly at her own cost) supplementary to those of the government. The results of her latest effort, in sending out the Fox, under Captain McClintock, in 1857, are well known, proving that Sir John and his party must have perished in June, 1847, not, however, before they had attained the knowledge that they had accomplished the discovery they were sent to make, namely, the existence of the northwest passage.

Finns.—Owego, N. Y., \$40,000; Pittsfield, \$8,000; North Lowell, \$10,000; Monongahela City, Pa., \$20,000; St. Stephen, N. B., \$35,000; Yorkville, Ontario, \$30,000; Middleport, O., \$43,000.

LITERARY.

Corrected List of Prizes Awarded at *William*.—Rice mathematical prize: Taine's English Literature, to J. A. Cory of Globe Village, with honorable mention of M. F. Gillette of Canton Center, Ct., and G. A. Grant of Stoneham; Booby mathematical prize, Knight's Shakespeare in six volumes, to J. Pratt of Greenville, S. C.; Phelps mathematical prize, nine years of Miss Mary G. Jackson of Philadelphia; Pierce botany, Miss Fannie M. Merrick of William, with honorable mention of W. H. Dean of Riverton, Ct.; Porter classical, J. A. Cory of Globe Village; Warren classical, W. M. Brundage of Monmouth, N. Y.; Whitaker fine-arts, Miss Hattie M. Scott of Waterbury, Ct.; Warren Adams fine-arts, "Homes and Haunts of the English poets," to S. Griswold of South William; Keiley music, 1st to Alice Wooster of Ansonia, Ct., 2d, "Music and Morals," to Miss Etta Stowell of William; elocution prize for students in the first and second years, W. A. Miller of South William. Awards of prizes for athletic exercises, given by Prof. Cahari: Four foot-race prizes, to H. M. Warren of Brooklyn, N. Y.; four for jumping to C. H. Sawyer of South Meriden, Ct.; Indian club swinging, E. P. Childs of Worcester; 100 yards' dash, J. A. Scribner of Lowell; polo race, J. G. Twining of East Hartford, Ct.

Notes from the Churches.

MAINE.

Shushpoc Bridge.—Rev. D. W. True writes, July 14th:—"On the 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31 of July, 23 happy converts were baptized in this place, the fruit of a blessed work of grace, last winter, under the labors of Rev. B. S. Arce. More will soon follow."

Items.—A new park at the Augusta Insane Hospital was formally opened, July 3d. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present, especially the patients, 180 of whom were able to attend. The park, a few rods north of the hospital, is very tastefully arranged with nice walks and rustic seats, and arrangements for seating an audience, with stand for religious and other services. It cannot fail to be of great benefit to the unfortunate class confined in the institution.

The Court Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, is prospering under the pastorate of Rev. J. Morriner. Of its 250 members, 75 have joined the past year; Sunday-school numbers 200; contributions, \$100; pastor's salary, \$1,500.

The constables of Bowdoinham recently seized a large lot of liquors sent there by express.

Increasing religious interest is reported in Skowhegan.

The Baptist Church at Bryan's Pond received four additions July 4th. The Society is prospering.

The author of the famous "John Brown Song" proves to be Mr. C. Sprague Hall, esq., of New Vineyard, Me.

We bespeak the sympathies of the Maine Conference for Brother John Allen, who has been called to bury his companion "in the way." Sister A. died in Farmington, June 24, aged over 80 years—an "elect lady" truly.

The Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Ken's Hill is reported free from debt, and in a highly prosperous condition. The health of President Torsey is much improved. A normal department has been established, and Prof. Rich, of Middlebury, appointed. Arrangements are making for a course of Biblical instruction, for such students as have not the means to take a course at some theological school. Donations for such work will be gratefully received, and wisely expended. The religious interest in the school is good. It is expected that the ensuing term will be large.

EAST MAINE.

Rev. S. M. Danton recently baptized two persons in Cooper, and others are soon to follow, all of them the fruit of a revival this spring. The work of salvation is still increasing among the people. At another point on his charge, Robbinston, three have recently risen for prayers.

There is an increasing interest in the Methodist Church in Orland, the social meetings being largely attended and very interesting.

Brother N. Whitney, pastor at Eastport, is the right man in the right place." Every interest of the Church there is in the advance. The prayer of Christ, "that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us," is answered in this Church. C. A. P.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—The Baker Memorial Methodist Church of Concord has received a present of an elegant communion service from Messrs. Stanley & Ayer, jewelers. These gentlemen are Unitarians.

James Monroe Sanborn, a prominent layman and local preacher of the New Hampshire Conference, died at his home in East Kingston, July 5, aged 55. Mr. Sanborn was a choice man, and will be greatly missed by the Church and community where he lived. His place, as member of the Heddington Conference Association, will be hard to fill.

Rev. Francis Parker, just graduated from the Theological Seminary at Andover, is to be pastor of the Congregational Church of Enfield.

Rev. Wm. A. Rand has just been ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church at South Seabrook.

Sunday, July 4th, 23 were baptized by Rev. Mr. Pepper of the Baptist Church at Bradford, and 40 were received into the Church.

At Hopkinton 17 persons united with the Congregational Church, July 4th.

July 12th, Bishop Niles ordained as deacons, Howard F. Hill and Walter S. Whitcomb, in St. Paul's Church, Concord.

Rev. W. V. Gardner, of Charles Street Baptist Church, Boston, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church, Concord. Salary \$5,000.

The house of Bishop Niles, of Concord, was broken into by a young burglar, a lad of ten years. Not much property of value was taken.

VERMONT.

Bradford rejoices in an excellent preacher (Rev. J. M. C. Fulton) as its pastor, an importation from Nova Scotia, whence so many good and strong men have come.

Presiding Elder Rev. J. D. Beeman baptized seven children at Ely, a few evenings since; and several adults rose for prayers after an earnest sermon by him.

Bro. B. also laid the corner-stone of a new church at Ludlow, the 3d inst., when \$400 were raised toward the new enterprise. At the Gospel-meetings held in Ludlow over 100 requested prayers. Seven were baptized in the Methodist Episcopal Church at the last Quarterly Meeting. Rev. L. E. Rockwell, an earnest and devoted young man, is pastor.

Rev. S. B. Currier, of Iraaburg, has gone to Boston to purchase the furniture, etc., for the new church, which fast approaches completion, and which will be dedicated in a few weeks.

Rev. F. McAnn, Presiding Elder of Montpelier District, preached two popular and profitable sermons at Montpelier the 4th inst. Rev. J. Mather, Presiding Elder of New Bedford District, Providence Conference, occupied the same pulpit the following Sunday in the morning, preaching a remarkably practical sermon from the words, "that he goeth forth and weepeth, precious seed." Rev. Clark is the new pastor at Fair Haven, where he is giving good satisfaction. The Methodists of Middlebury and vicinity had a Sunday-school picnic on the Spring Grove camp-ground, the 6th inst. The weather was unfavorable, which prevented a large attendance; but there were several hundred present, and a variety of exercises made the day pass pleasantly away. A like gathering was held on the Central Vermont camp-ground, for a similar purpose, on the 14th inst. Montpelier, Worcester, Elmore, Waterbury, Middlesex, Waitsfield, Berlin, Williamsstown and Northfield sent good delegations. The day was one of the most delightful of the season, and the large company enjoyed themselves immensely. Singing from "Winnondy Hymns," and prayer, and short addresses from several brethren constituted the intellectual and religious part of the feast, while swings, refreshments, etc., afforded pleasant recreation, and the long day sped quickly by.

The Montpelier and White River Railroad was opened for business as far as Barre the 8th inst. In connection with its independence day, there was quite a celebration.

DEAFNESS.

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The Steamer CAMBRIDGE of this line, which leaves Boston every Tuesday and Friday at 5 o'clock P. M., intersects the following morning at Rockland with the Steamer Leviathan for Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgewick, Mt. Desert and Machias. The same Steamer, on her trips from Bangor to Boston, intersects again at Rockland every Monday and Thursday, about 5 o'clock P. M., with the Steamer Leviathan, from the above named places. The Steamer KATAHDIN, which leaves Boston every Monday and Thursday at 5 o'clock P. M., intersects with the Steamer Ulysses every Tuesday morning for Bar Harbor, South West Harbor, North Haven, Bar Harbor and Green's Landing. The same Steamer on her trip to Boston every Wednesday intersects again at Rockland with the Steamer Ulysses for the above named places. The Steamer CAMBRIDGE also connects with the Steamer Ulysses at Rockland every Saturday and Monday to and from the above named places.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, August 1.
Lesson V. John, 5-15.

BY REV. W. G. HOLWAY.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

Leader. 5 Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

School. 6 Now Jacob's well was there, Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour.

L. 7 There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water;

S. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

L. 8 (For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat.)

S. 9 Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.

L. 10 Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

L. 11 The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?

S. 12 Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?

L. 13 Jesus answered and said unto her, My father is greater than I.

S. 14 Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again.

L. 15 But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.

L. 16 The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw.

Another page from our Lord's private ministry, but how different the subject from that of the last lesson! How wide the social distance between the courtly Nicodemus and this "Samaritan Magdalen!" How different, too, is the method of our Lord in dealing with each! Nicodemus is proud, learned, skeptical and cautious; the woman of Samaria is rude, dissolute, unlettered, and somewhat garrulous. The one needed to be brought down to the level of the truth, the other to be brought up to it. On the one is laid the humiliating condition of regeneration; the other is gently led, by teaching drawn from the familiar water she was wont to draw, to seek the fountain of living waters. To Nicodemus our Lord did not directly reveal Himself as the Messiah; but to this woman, who sighed out her hope for His coming, He said, "I that speak unto thee am He."

How interesting, too, the circumstances of this interview—the weary journey, the thirsty traveler, the ancient well; the historical associations, the mounts of blessing and cursing, Joseph's tomb at the foot of the one, and the Samaritan temple crowning the summit of the other; the broad plain waving with the promise of abundant harvests, the fertile valley, and the villages embosomed in it, the smiling vineyards and clumps of gray olives and tufted palms and spreading sycamores; the woman coming out in the hot noontide, with cord and bottle, to draw water; the conversation begun and carried on with so much skill and prudence on Jesus' part, His quiet dignity and condescension in dealing with the woman's antipathies and trifling mood, so that, forgetful of her purpose and pitcher, she hastens back to the town for her friends, the "first apostle to the Samaritans," as Origen calls her;—all these combine to make up a picture, fresh, simple and lifelike, and to invest the whole narrative with a peculiar charm.

Then cometh He, Jesus' growing greatness had begun to excite the hostility of the Pharisees. John's imprisonment was a hint of what He might expect. If He tarried long in Judea, He set out, therefore, for Galilee, taking the direct road through Samaria—a route avoided by scrupulous Jews, who preferred to make a circuit through Perea rather than come in contact with the hated Samaritans.

Sychar—probably the same as ancient Shechem (or Sichem), and therefore of great antiquity. Located in the very center of Palestine, between Ebal and Gerizim, it was in existence when Abram came to Canaan from Chaldaea (Gen. xii, 6), and holds a prominent place in sacred history (see Gen. xxxiii, 18-20; xxiv, 7; xxv, 1; xxvi, 32; Judg. ix, 1; 1 Kgs. xii, 1-25; 2 Chron. x, Jer. xli, 5).

On or near the ancient site Vespasian built the town of Flavia Neapolis (the modern Nablous). Justin Martyr was born here. The derivation of the word Sychar is uncertain. It may mean either "falseness," "drunken," or "the city of the tomb." Dr. Thomson thinks that Sychar and Sichem are not the same.

The parcel of ground, etc. See Gen. xxxiii, 19, and xlviii, 22. This region was part of Ephraim's inheritance (the son of Joseph), and Joseph was buried here (Josh. xxiv, 32).

Jacob's well—his, according to tradition, but not mentioned in the Old Testament. The old well still exists, and its delicious waters are praised by travelers who visit Palestine. It is about two miles from Nablous, and, in its present state, is 75 feet deep and 9 wide.

Sat thus—as a weary man would; the abandon of fatigue.

The sixth hour—at noon. The Evangelist's memory is vivid, even to the hour.

A woman of Samaria—i. e., of the country, not of the city which bore the same name, and which was 15 (some say 8) miles north of Sychar. We know

not the woman's name, and but little of her history. Doubtless hers was the dull, degraded, squalid life of the Eastern peasant woman. She probably came often to this well (to go for water was a feminine duty, Gen. xxiv, ii; Exod. ii, 16), and she never dreamed that her visit to-day would reveal to her a fountain more satisfying and lasting than the cool waters she came to draw, and that the chronicle of her conversation would be read till the end of time.

Give me to drink. She finds a stranger at the well, weary and dusty with travel, whose dress and accent show him to be of the race which looked upon her own as accursed. Greatly to her surprise, He accosts her. He is thirsty, and asks drink of her—a woman and a Samaritan (verse 27)! Little does she imagine who this traveler is—how, as from an open book, He is reading the secrets of her life, and, though needing drink, thirsts more to win her faith and save her soul than for the refreshing waters of the well.

His disciples were gone, etc. Our Lord forbears to work a miracle for His own comfort. The disciples are sent to buy food for Him who could by a word change stones into bread and water into wine. Hengstenberg thinks that John remained with Jesus, and heard this conversation.

How is it that Thou? etc. Her question betrays natural surprise, and perhaps a playful triumph. She seems to say, "where is your Jewish hatred towards the Samaritan? Where is your proud contempt for my sex? Your rabbi's teach that 'no man salutes a woman.' You can condescend, it seems, when thirsty, to smother your prejudice, and humble yourself to ask water even of a despised Samaritan woman!"

The Jews have no dealings. That the animosity was bitter and ancient there is abundant proof. It dated back nearly a thousand years B. C., in the secession of Jeroboam (1 Kgs. xii, 26-33). Whether the Samaritans of Christ's day were of purely heathen descent (2 Kgs. xvii, 23-34), as Hengstenberg and Robinson maintain, or a mongrel race, resulting from the admixture of the Gentile colonists with the remnants of the lost tribes (Gesenius and later writers), it is impossible to determine. We only know that the Samaritans claimed descent from Jacob, practiced circumcision and other Jewish rites, kept the passover feast, had a rival temple on Gerizim, and a Pentateuch of their own, worshipped Jehovah, and awaited the Messiah's coming. Their religious system was doubtless borrowed from Judaism, and yet the Samaritans claimed for it superiority, and an older antiquity. They "plagiarized" the Jews, and then boasted of being the true original (Whedon). The woman alludes to the bone of contention farther on (verse 20). The Samaritans were always ready to annoy the Jews, and often refused hospitality to pilgrims who passed by their own temple on their way to Jerusalem to worship (Luke ix, 51, 56); and yet the beautiful parable (Luke x, 25-37) of the Good Samaritan shows that the people, apart from their religious jealousies, were not destitute of true kindness. The Jews, on their part, cordially hated the Samaritans, publicly cursed them in their synagogues, would not admit them as proselytes, regarded everything they touched as unclean, would not accept their testimony in court, and could utter no more bitter reproach than "thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil." The Samaritans are still found in Nablous, about 200 in number. They yearly keep the passover in the temple on Gerizim, in the precise mode prescribed by Moses. (See Stanley's History, Appendix.)

In the Apocryphal book, Ecclesiasticus (written about 180 B. C. by Jesus, son of Sirach), occurs the following (c. 25, 26): "There be two manner of nations which my heart abhorreth, and the third is no nation: they that sit upon the mountains of Samaria, and they that dwell among the Philistines, and that foolish people that dwell in Sichem."

If thou knewest the gift of God—perhaps "the unspeakable gift" of our Lord Himself (iii, 16; 2 Cor. ix, 15), or the Holy Spirit (vii, 38, 39), or "the singular grace of God in the golden opportunity of the moment" (Grotius), or eternal life (Rom. vi, 23), or the living waters (Steir, French, Owen) which were emphatically the gift of God through His Spirit. The cry of the Eastern water-carrier to-day in the streets of the Syrian cities is, "the gift of God!"

Who He is—a hint that she little knows with whom she is talking.

Thou wouldest have asked. Instead of My asking drink of thee, thou wouldest have asked of Me, so great is the gift I have, and so urgent is thy need.

Living water. A double meaning is evident. Jesus would lead his hearer from the material to the spiritual—from the water of the well to the water of life eternal. He had that to give her which would be as cold water to her thirsty soul. Isa. xlii, 3.

The Jews distinguished the "living water" of springs and rivers from that of cisterns and stagnant pools. Gen. xxvi, 19; Lev. xiv, 5; Isa. xlii, 17, 18; Jer. li, 13; xvii, 13.

Sir, Thou hast nothing, etc. The woman is puzzled. "Living water? Certainly not this of the well, for the stranger has no cord and pitcher. What can He mean? Is the water He speaks of better than this which I draw? Does this unknown Jew profess to be greater than the patriarch who dug this well? Jacob could give no better water than this; and is He greater than Jacob?"

Some commentators discover a "pert familiar readiness of speech" in this answer. Tholuck calls her "sassy." To us

she seems simply to be thinking aloud. The "sir" indicates respect.

Our father Jacob. The national jealousy speaks out here—"our father." Evidently, too, the well was sacred in her eyes, for its high antiquity and patriarchal associations. Her imagination had often pictured Jacob "and his children and his cattle" drinking here, generations ago.

Shall thirst again. Jesus quietly waives the question of superiority as to Jacob and Himself. He keeps to the point, and, by reminding the woman that draughts from this well gave only temporary relief, seeks to prepare her mind for the higher and more satisfying refreshment.

Shall never thirst—a perfect and lasting satisfaction, a "thirst forever quenched," so that one who tastes these waters will never thirst for any other. The physical thirst returns, and the wells of earth must be resorted to; but for that deeper thirst—the uneasy, restless fever of the soul—there is no cooling draught save that which Jesus gives in His Spirit and grace and teachings. Isa. lv, 1; Rev. xxii, 17.

Where the thirst recurs, the fault is not in the water, but in the man (Bengel).

In him a well, etc.—both water and a well. An unfailing supply is thus secured, and not from a remote external fountain; the spring of blessing is to be opened within (vii, 38).

Springing up—a bubbling, joyous, overflowing spring. Says Theophylact, "the Spirit is not like a stagnant pool, but a gushing spring, stirring the soul to good works."

Into everlasting life. The waters, being fed from heavenly springs, must needs rise to their level. They "spring up" towards God whence they came. They overflow, and pour their living tide into the ocean of eternal joy and peace. Happy is he whose heart is a channel for these immortal, life-giving waters! (Jn. xvii, 2, 3; Rom. vi, 23.) For him heaven's joys are begun on earth.

That I thirst not, etc. She does not yet see. Her thoughts hover round the well and her daily, weary errands for water. Jesus changes the conversation.

Locke thinks she was half in sport, half in earnest; Tholuck that her answer was ironical; Lange, that the presentation of something was awakened, she hardly knew what.

[Brief Lessons.—Learn here the priceless value of a single soul; how Jesus acted when hungry; thirsty and tired; how to rest and not to be idle; how to spend our summer vacations profitably; how to spiritualize familiar things, and season our conversation with salt; how Jesus behaved towards women—the purity, dignity, and tenderness which marked His relations with them; how, in the case of a woman who was a sinner, He would not "break the bruised reed;" how Jesus still sits at our earthly sources of comfort, and offers us the living waters. In the words of the grand old Dies Irae,—

"Weary satst Thou, seeking me—Diedst, redeeming, on the tree. Let such toil not fruitless be!"

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, August 1.

1 Why did Jesus leave Judea?

2 Where was Sychar, and what its history?

3 What was said of Jacob's well?

4 Why did Jesus' question surprise the Samaritan woman?

5 Why did the "Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans?"

6 What is meant by "the gift of God?" by "living water?"

7 Explain the woman's reply.

8 What were the characteristics of the water which Jesus had to give?

The Family.

UNCLE DUDLEY.

BY REV. F. HIGGINS.

Uncle Dudley, in one sense, was not a brother to Uncle Ben, though he had the same Christian name, for "Uncle" is as much a Christian name as anything else, if the parent or the public are pleased to make it so. And then too it is as much a surname as any other, only that his father's name be Uncle. There was one Uncle Doan who was called Uncle by everybody. His relatives called him Uncle. His children called him well, I won't say, as to that, but I do say that all his neighbors called him Uncle Doan—the old people, the young people, the children; and there is not much doubt but that his grandparents would have called him Uncle, if they had been living. Surely they would have been obliged to, to be understood. The ministers called him Uncle Doan; and the members called him Uncle Doan; the mechanics called him Uncle Doan; the lawyers called him Uncle Doan; and the judges called him Uncle Doan. Uncle Doan was as much a common noun as John Smith. True, this was not the name by which he was christened, yet it became his name in common law, as verily as any of the names of persons in these days. I don't think the parish parson entered his name on the parish record as Uncle Doan; and it is just as well, and stands law just as well; for in these days parents name their children as the farmer marks his lambs, and turn them out on the common, to take care of themselves. Exceptions to all general rules, of course.

I have said that Uncle Dudley was not a brother to Uncle Ben, in one sense; but in several other senses he was. He pertained to the common brotherhood, as Uncle Ben. He was a thrifty farmer, as was Uncle Ben, and

rather outstripped Uncle Ben in gaining wealth, and gaining it honestly, for ought we know. He was a brother in the Church; and he was heard to say (so Sally says) he never thought so much of Sally as he did now, and he didn't care much if she did talk; and notwithstanding the assured friendship of Skillings, Sally declared she believed that it was her solemn opinion that Brother Skillings paid a part of his subscription in boarding the minister, for she said when Brother Doesticks was on that Circuit he went there four times with his wife, and took dinner—that was, once a quarter, for he was a very systematic man; and one of the stewards told her that Brother Skillings paid just eight dollars; and the eight meals, at twenty-five cents, would make ten dollars (his subscription).

Sally Tuttle said she had looked the matter over and over, and she had made up her mind that it looked like the patch on the knee, or the new piece of cloth on an old garment, and the rent made worse, and Uncle Ben's naked knee resting on the white sand-floor.

"WHERE THE WILD BERRIES GROW."

BY REV. A. A. WRIGHT.

Where the wild berries grow
Blue violets bloom
The daisies' gold shadows abound,
And the wild lilies meet,
Like a blush on Love's cheek,
Fade into the glories around;
And now do you know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow
The sunsets' rich glow
Exhilarates the woodland afar,
Which the sailor, aloft,
In his cradle-like craft,
First catches—a low, shivering star;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow,
Soft rivulets flow,
Like silver, through meadows of gold;
There the freed soul expands
In the face without hands,
Built up by Jehovah, of old;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow
Embered below,
The shade of the oaks dark'neeth deep;
Tis a glad for a vow,
And the knee longs to bow;
Instinctively angels might weep;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow,
The woodman's halloo
Is lost amid the wide forest's calm;
Benediction's breeze,
In the waiting breeze,
Protect the chaste flowers from harm;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow,
The funeral snow
In billows and hammocks of light,
Leth deep in the dale;
Underneath the soft veil
God painteth the berry-blows white;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow
The dead are laid low,
And plane-needles braid through the sward,
Oh, the eloquent dead,
Underneath, overhead,
That beckon us on to reward;
And do you now know
Where the wild berries grow?

Where the wild berries grow
God's lessons they show,
Alike where they shine or are hid;
For the ripe fruitage glows
In the white no foot knows,
And blossoms wherever 'tis hid!
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Where the wild berries grow?

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

God has no favorites, and He has given us the promises that whosoever will may become "partakers of the divine nature," for He loves to show a fallen world what He can do for fallen humanity.

The blessed experience of which we talk is no fanciful or ideal thing, which exists in the airy region; nor is it a speculative or imaginative thing; nor does it ignore the fact of our human existence and experience; but it is a reality, having power to subdue, control and hallow them all.

There is a sorrow that has a blight; there is a trial that has its scourging; there are tears that are full of bitterness; but this grace takes the blight out of sorrow and trial, and the bitterness out of grief, and transmutates them into the pure gold of a triumphant experience, and makes us "joyful in tribulation." Though we must die, all terror and dread is taken away, and death comes as a servant, to unblock the warrior's armor, and let him go to his reward—to take down the tabernacle, and let the pilgrim go to his rest.

Of all kinds of rest, the rest of faith is the sweetest—not the rest from labor, or sorrow, or temptation, but the rest under the burden, and in the darkest temptation.

There is great pleasure in learning that the three great enemies are the world, the flesh, and the devil; and Jesus has conquered them all; and He will conquer for us, under all circumstances, and perfectly satisfy the human soul.

The Church is marching on, and the tendency is toward the doctrine of being controlled by a living Christ, and not satisfied with mere profession. The Lord moves right along, and turns everything to His purpose, and glorifies His dear name.

Trials come; but when the Lord gives us the riches of His grace they seem very little things to talk about. God has said in His Word, "I will not fail thee," and when God in His omnipotence

erises; hence Sally, being apt in giving titles, gave Thom Skillings the title of "deputy class-leader." This pleased Thom, and he was heard to say (so Sally says) he never thought so much of Sally as he did now, and he didn't care much if she did talk; and notwithstanding the assured friendship of Skillings, Sally declared she believed that it was her solemn opinion that Brother Skillings paid a part of his subscription in boarding the minister, for she said when Brother Doesticks was on that Circuit he went there four times with his wife, and took dinner—that was, once a quarter, for he was a very systematic man; and one of the stewards told her that Brother Skillings paid just eight dollars; and the eight meals, at twenty-five cents, would make ten dollars (his subscription).

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tence lives, within and without us, and supplied every want, and brings us through everything with triumph, do not our trials seem too small to talk about? Ring out your notes of triumph! Trials do not purify; 'tis the blood that cleanseth. But they are discipline for the soul, and we should come out of it with a firmer foot on sin than ever. God is able, as with Abraham, to bring us through, mighty conquerors.

When God says anything, credit Him to the full; and when He says that He will do exceeding abundantly more than we ask or think, let us not put sorrow on, as a cloak, and weep our lives away. We may relieve ourselves by tears; but let us smile through the tears, and say, "Lord, Thou hast done exceeding abundantly more than we could ask or think;" and by the mercy of God every tear drop will shine with hallelujah. Away with talking about trials and troubles, and let God take care of them."

Christian perfection is not to be faultless, but blameless before God.

Christ can't teach anybody that will not believe Him implicitly.

We are taught by an incident in the life of Andrew Fuller not to walk by sight. As he was going to an anniversary, not being acquainted with the road, which was overgrown by the tide, he knew not how deep the water was, and hesitated at its edge, when he heard a voice saying, "It is all right; go forward!" He started the horse, and soon found the water getting deeper, and hesitated a little, when the voice said again, "go forward! it's all right." When he reached the other side it flashed across his mind, "I have been walking by faith, and not by sight." Our emotions and feelings give us the lie, but God never lies.

The high priests purified themselves, and on the day of atonement went into the holy of holies, and sprinkled blood on the altar, and remained there only a few moments, and came out. If these sacrifices cleansed by the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood cleanse us from an evil conscience. But it is our privilege to enter the holy of holies and abide there. There was no stool in the holy of holies, or place where the high priest might sit and rest; but our Jesus has sat down, and one may sit down by Him, and abide and rest.

Why, in Hebrews, chapter eleven, is nothing said about the sins of the Old Testament characters, and Lot called "righteous Lot?" etc. Because the first chapter says the Lord had forgotten them; "their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

Did you ever notice that notwithstanding the devil did all he could to destroy Job, Job never once recognized him, but said "it is the Lord?"

There is an experience where we only hear God say, "walk before Me, and be thou perfect," and we tremblingly take the lead. There is another experience where we hear Jesus say, "follow Me," and we, with eyes fixed on Jesus, let Him choose every step of the way, and we gladly follow.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."—MATT. viii, 10.

The following anecdote was related to me by my sister of a little friend of her own, who was at the time only four years of age, and through the illness of his mother went to reside with his aunt in Birmingham.

One might tell numerous little incidents of this quiet thoughtfulness, and at the same time of his bright and merry ways, but that would be stepping aside from relating the secret of this happy little life, which lies in the following story:—

It was the first evening of Herbert's visit, and his aunt took him herself to bed, as his nurse was for the time absent. Not once thinking that so young a child was accustomed to pray before going to sleep, she did not offer to hear him repeat his little prayers; so, after putting him into bed, and bidding him go to sleep, she went away, leaving the room door open, in case he should want anything, and not be heard.

After a while little Herbert's voice was heard, talking to himself; and his aunt, being anxious for him to sleep, went up stairs again to tell him to be very quiet; but at the door she paused to hear what the little prattler was saying. These were his words:—

"I can't do to sleep; I can't do to sleep. Why can't I do to sleep? Oh, I know why I can't do to sleep! Naughty aunt, naughty aunt never heard me say my prayers! But I can say prayers myself. Pray, God, bless mamma and papa, and make me a good boy, for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen. What else I say? Oh! please God send me a lot, a great lot of beautiful toys! I do n't know what else to say, but you know all about it; so dood night. Amen."

And with these last words the little boy turned over in his bed, closed his eyes, and was very soon fast asleep, little dreaming how deeply his words had sunk into the heart of his "naughty aunt."

You little ones for whom this story is recorded, does this little boy not teach you a lesson, as well as we "bigger ones?" Oh, go to Jesus, and tell Him about it! He knows, but still He loves to be spoken to. Tell Him all that is in your heart. Remember, He loves to love you; ask Him to teach you how to love Him as this little boy loved Him, and then you will know what it is to be taken up into His tender, loving arms, and be blessed.

May He use this simple story in His own way, for His own glory! Amen.

ANNE AUBREY.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.—"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

The Farm and Garden.

CHEESE INDUSTRY.

A controversy has been going on in the *American Grocer* and *Moore's Rural New Yorker* on the subject of "oleomargarine" cheese. Hon. X. A. Willard in the *Rural New Yorker* asks, "Is the improving of skim milk cheese a fraud?" The editor of the *Grocer* candidly says "no; but he should ask this, Is the manufacture and sale of skimmed milk or oleomargarine cheese, without so stating the fact to all purchasers thereof, a fraud, we should as unhesitatingly say yes, and we infer, from all he says, that Mr. Willard would give the same answer. We agree, with Mr. Willard and Prof. Caldwell, that there is nothing unclean or unwholesome in 'fat from the calf of an ox,' and we are very willing that all who choose to do so should make and eat cheese in which the 'fat and the calf of an ox' take the place of cream; and we shall not dispute that such a process may be conducted with conscientious regard to the freshness and purity of this fat, and with the most scrupulous neatness; and yet, if human nature is not different among dairy men from what it is in other classes of men, we must believe that, once the top bar of the gap of adulteration is taken off, it is only a question of time before some one will be found who will throw them all aside, and lay the entrance bare.

"Our position, as a commercial journal, is entire opposition to any, even the slightest departure from the manufacture of full cream cheese. Not because half-skimmed and full-skimmed or 'oleomargarine' cheese cannot be properly made, honestly sold, and healthfully eaten, but because the ultimate best interest of this great industry demands that its products should be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. This cannot be, if anything less than the very best possible quality of full cream cheese be made and marketed. Already we see that the hopes and anticipations of the makers of skimmed milk cheese are brought low. The brand of Cain is upon the murderer of his brother, and it is a homeless wanderer upon the markets of the world. Selling in this market this week from three-fourths of a cent to three cents a pound, it is not even paying freight, to say nothing of cost of manufacture and sale. Is this result gratifying to its friends? Already the fresh 'fat from the calf of an ox' has been substituted by hog lard and cotton seed oil. How long will it stop even there? We were told by one of our cheese exporters, recently returned from England, that the fact of the manufacture and shipment of this 'oleomargarine' cheese is already attracting the attention of the cheese trade of that country, and must react very injuriously upon the dairy interests of this country. The English people are growing more and more to require the finer grades of all kinds of food products, and it is especially notable in cheese. The medium and low grades meet with little encouragement. The suicidal policy, therefore, of sending an article abroad that, from its close resemblance to the best qualities, will tend to throw suspicion upon our entire cheese production, is too apparent to require argument. This export trade has steadily grown for years past. Must it now be jeopardized by the action of a few dairymen who are willing to sacrifice all the future of this important industry for present gain? If the dairymen are willing to do so, the cheese receivers and exporters are not.

"We, therefore, earnestly recommend to the cheese receivers and exporters of this and other seaboard cities, and to all the exchanges and dairy associations, to place themselves promptly and emphatically against this insidious foe to the future prosperity of the cheese trade of this country, and most respectfully request Mr. Willard, and all who occupy his ground, to come fairly and squarely out against a manufacture which, however harmless in itself, if properly conducted, is already working and must still more work the greatest injury to that industry, in the establishment and progress of which he has always taken such a deep interest."

ANDROSCOGGIN AND CATERPILLARS.—For two years past, or rather seasons, the orchards, forests and mountain slopes of the Androscoggin Valley have been infested with green worms, from an inch to an inch and a half long, which have devastated thousands of acres of woodland of everything green, so that they look at a distance as bare as in winter, and orchards are rendered fruitless. The country before them is as the garden of Eden, but behind them is a desolate wilderness. It is said that they are very poisonous. Some undertook to rub them off the trees with their hands, but their hands grew so sore and swollen that they became tired of the experiment.

Many strange things are said of them; some we may believe, and some we may question. It is said that two men were poisoned to death—one from eating a piece of pie in the dark, on which a caterpillar was feasting (of course the sauce was delicious); another cut one in two on a piece of bread, and ate it; another man found them so thick on the road through a piece of woods that he could not put down the end of his walking-stick without touching one. What puzzles us is how he got along without stepping on them.

But there is enough that we know to be true to make it alarming, to see them covering the trees and small bushes, and hanging on the grass, crawling on the ground, covering the outside of houses, and crawling in all through. You would know how to pity the Egypt-

ians, when the frogs came into their bed-chambers and kneading-troughs, if you was to visit us. We do not know what the end of these things will be; but it is certain, if this mighty army is not turned away from us, the orchards and a great part of the forests will die. (They are about done feeding for this season.) JAS. LIDSTONE.

Newry, Me., July 9, 1875.

Obituaries.

ELIZA C. WEBSTER, wife of Sanford L. Farrar, was born in Bucksport, May 2, 1855, and died in Bath, May 27, 1875, aged 20 years and 25 days.

Sister F. was converted, some two years prior to her death, under the labors of Rev. J. R. Day, and during this brief period was faithful in her attendance upon the means of grace, and steadily grew in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. She came to this city a stranger, but soon won her way to many hearts. During her sickness (quick consumption) she was patient, resigned, and trustful. She died at the close of a beautiful day, with full faith in Jesus, to enter the city that hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. A. S. LADD.

Bath, Me., June 30, 1875.

Died in the faith, near Waterford, Me., May 20, 1875, ROXANNA, wife of Rev. Hollis Kendall, formerly a member of the Vermont Annual Conference, aged 64 years.

She was converted under the labors of Rev. Elisha Scott, and many years ago united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a faithful and constant member until her death. For thirty-two years she shared the privileges and trials of the itinerancy, performing well the duties required of a Methodist minister's wife. Her last illness was very severe; but her faith triumphed, and calmly she passed away to be with Jesus.

S. Waterford, Me., July 5, D. P.

ALBERT HAMILIN died in Waterford, Me., May 22, 1875, aged 58 years and 6 months.

Brother H. united with the Methodist Episcopal Church about nineteen years ago, and until his death remained steadfast in the service of the Master. He was a very demonstrative man, expressing his religious joys; but his daily life, and the spirit manifested by him, spoke plainly of love to God and man. He loved the public services of the sanctuary, and was generally found in his pulpit on the Sabbath. At his death the pastor was sure of a cordial welcome. He cheerfully gave of his means to sustain the finances of the Church. For years he was afflicted with heart disease, and was told by his physician that he was liable to die at any moment. On the day of his death he was with his son, laboring in the field. He sat down to rest, fell back, and was gone! He left no dying testimony, but his widow and seven children have the precious legacy of his good example, his stainless name, and godly life.

South Waterford, July 5, 1875.

Mrs. HANNAH, wife of George P. Miller, passed on, from Danvers, Me., May 17, 1875, aged 52 years and 5 months.

Suddenly she was called; but she welcomed the summons, and with a smile entered into the joy of her Lord.

At once coming into the Church, she lived a pure life to the end. Quiet, but decided, of a warm heart and a strong common sense, she was a true mother, a fond wife, resting in her husband's undoubting love, a respected member of the Church of God, and a home and were attractive, but heaven was a reality to her; and to her the swift stroke was only the opening of the door. She waited her Lord. W. W. M.

Fell asleep in Jesus, at Greenland, N. H., June 11, LUCY H. HATCH, aged 49 years.

She was the wife of Samuel A. Hatch, esq., of Greenland, and the daughter of Rev. Father J. F. Adams, of the New Hampshire Conference. She was a sister of the late Rev. J. A. Adams, of the New England Conference; of J. W. Adams, of Springfield, Mass.; and of the wife of Rev. Franklin Furber. Her friends were a legion. She led a life of remarkable amiability and true piety. Consequently wide-spread and deep were the expressions of sorrow at her departure; and a very large concourse gathered at her burial. An impression of the incomparable worth of kindness, or a heart for others, peace and joy, is the rich legacy she has left to the beautiful community amidst which she passed the years of her life so well. Many a most fervent prayer is winged for her stricken children, husband, father, and friends, and to meet with souls like hers, and to dwell with them forever, and in the blessedness of the immediate presence of the Lord, will be comfort and heaven indeed.

N. M. D. GRANGER.

Died, at Swampscott, June 8, 1875, in the full triumphs of faith, JOHN BROWN NEWCOMB, aged 63 years and 4 months.

Brother N. was born at Wellfleet, and came to Swampscott about twenty years since. During the labors of Rev. Z. A. Mudge with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1858, he was converted to God, and has continued a faithful and devoted member of that Church to the day of his death. His life was such that the unconverted would point to him as a bright exemplification of Christianity, and throughout the entire community "Uncle John," as he was affectionately called, commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His sickness was brief, the conflict short, the victory decisive. Just before he died he repeated after his pastor that beautiful line of Toplady's, "let me hide myself in Thee." This he continued to repeat at intervals, adding, "blessed Jesus!" So he passed down the valley gently, peacefully. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." B.

Died, in Byfield, Mass., June 3, 1875, SARAH, wife of Samuel Larkin, aged 68 years.

Sister L. was a good woman, loving, kind and true. She will be sadly missed at home, in the Church, and in the community; for where help was needed Mother Larkin was sure to be. She was pre-eminently the friend of the sick, and like an angel of mercy ministered to their relief.

Mother L. in early life gave her heart to the Saviour, and joined the Congregational Church, in which she lived a consistent life until she was married to him who now mourns her loss. For a quarter of a century she has been a

member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. She was stricken down, suddenly; but the messenger found her ready. E. A. HOWARD.

Byfield, Mass., July 2, 1875.

Died in Providence, June 6, 1875, Mrs. MARGARET MURRAY, in the 81st year of her age.

Sister M. had for more than forty years been a worthy and consistent member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Newport, when the Master summoned her to come up higher. For many years after the death of her husband she assumed the sole management of the Murray House in Newport, which became under her management noted as a quiet and pleasant home for summer visitors; and very many, in different parts of the country, will feel a sadness as they learn of the death of this Christian hostess. During her active life, and after the infirmities of age had compelled her to give up her business, she constantly maintained a deep interest in the welfare of the Church of her choice, giving liberally of her means for its support, and seeking by life and word to advance its interests. Among her last gifts was one of five hundred dollars towards the building of a parsonage for her Church. Her heart and sympathies were warm towards the suffering and needy, and she was always ready to contribute to their relief and comfort. She lived a life of faith, and proved her faith by her works. W. Newport, R. I., June 28.

HELEN F. WESCOTT entered into eternal rest, June 24, at the home of Mr. Frederick Witham, in Surry, Me.

Sister W. was converted three years ago, under the labors of Rev. J. A. Morelen, and at the time of her death was aged 18 years and 4 months. Her short life has been one of sickness, and at times of great suffering—her last sickness being especially painful; but the grace of God wonderfully sweetened life's bitter cup, and when the hour came, she was ready to say, "take me, take me!" upon her lips, she swept "through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." "Our people die well." J. H. MOORE.

SEWELL WHEELER died in Worcester, June 7, 1875, aged 80 years.

He was converted about thirty-seven years ago, in Hubbardston, under the labors of Rev. B. Paine, and to the close of his useful life he nobly maintained the character of a Christian. He was one of the members that formed the first class in Hubbardston, and was one of the first members of the First Board of Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church there, which office he held till his death. As a Church steward he was faithful, and generously supported with his money the cause of God. He also left by will eight hundred dollars for the benefit of the Church in H. His beloved wife, at her decease, about six years ago, left also by will four hundred dollars for the same purpose. About two years ago Brother W. removed to Worcester, and united with the Laurel Street Methodist Episcopal Church, where, by the traits of character already indicated, he won the respect and love of all who knew him. His last sickness was peculiarly painful, but "patience had her perfect work." Faith gloriously triumphed. In the midst of severe pain, with his expiring breath he would frequently exclaim, "praise the Lord! praise the Lord!" He died, as he had lived, trusting in Jesus. WM. PENTECOST.

Worcester, June 28, 1875.

MARY COLE CREIGHTON died at her father's residence in Union, Me., June 14, 1875, aged 37 years, 6 months, and 5 days.

Many gave her heart to God in early life, and at the age of sixteen she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place, and has ever since continued a much loved and honored member. She was of a sweet, amiable disposition, living very near the Saviour. She was one of the brightest ornaments of our Church. She was a devoted wife, a true mother, and a faithful member of the Church of God. Life and home were attractive, but heaven was a reality to her; and to her the swift stroke was only the opening of the door. She waited her Lord. W. W. M.

Fell asleep in Jesus, at Greenland, N. H., June 11, LUCY H. HATCH, aged 49 years.

She was the wife of Samuel A. Hatch, esq., of Greenland, and the daughter of Rev. Father J. F. Adams, of the New Hampshire Conference. She was a sister of the late Rev. J. A. Adams, of the New England Conference; of J. W. Adams, of Springfield, Mass.; and of the wife of Rev. Franklin Furber. Her friends were a legion. She led a life of remarkable amiability and true piety. Consequently wide-spread and deep were the expressions of sorrow at her departure; and a very large concourse gathered at her burial. An impression of the incomparable worth of kindness, or a heart for others, peace and joy, is the rich legacy she has left to the beautiful community amidst which she passed the years of her life so well. Many a most fervent prayer is winged for her stricken children, husband, father, and friends, and to meet with souls like hers, and to dwell with them forever, and in the blessedness of the immediate presence of the Lord, will be comfort and heaven indeed.

N. M. D. GRANGER.

Died, at Swampscott, June 8, 1875, in the full triumphs of faith, JOHN BROWN NEWCOMB, aged 63 years and 4 months.

Brother N. was born at Wellfleet, and came to Swampscott about twenty years since. During the labors of Rev. Z. A. Mudge with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1858, he was converted to God, and has continued a faithful and devoted member of that Church to the day of his death. His life was such that the unconverted would point to him as a bright exemplification of Christianity, and throughout the entire community "Uncle John," as he was affectionately called, commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His sickness was brief, the conflict short, the victory decisive. Just before he died he repeated after his pastor that beautiful line of Toplady's, "let me hide myself in Thee." This he continued to repeat at intervals, adding, "blessed Jesus!" So he passed down the valley gently, peacefully. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." B.

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last words were, "Jesus! Jesus!" Her life, though short as measured by years, was not lived in vain, for in it she secured the prize of everlasting life, and now rejoices with the saved ones in heaven.

May the remembrance of her love and faith in Christ cheer the hearts of sorrowing friends, "while they look not at the things which are seen, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." M.

Died, in Lynn, June 16, CAROLINE A., wife of Henry W. Rogers, aged 41 years.

She was converted to Christ under the pastorate of Dr. H. W. Warren, and united with the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, in which she soon became "a bright and shining light." In later years she developed a deep spirituality, a beauty of holiness, a cheerfulness of hope, a willingness in sacrifice, and an assurance of faith, which impressed all with whom she was associated. Her piety pervaded her household, and drew all her children to Christ. Her Christian activities went forth in every walk of usefulness, especially in the promotion of temperance and the rescue of the tempted through personal effort, faith, and prayer. Her last Christian testimonies evinced an unflinching trust in Christ, and perfect victory over the fear of death. DANIEL STEELE.

Lynn, Mass., July 1875.

Died, in East Haverhill, N. H., June 28, 1875, Mrs. SARAH, relict of Daniel Dunkee, aged 55 years.

Sister D. had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place for more than thirty years, and in all the walks of life she illustrated the excellency of the Christian faith by her humble walk and godly conversation. She died in great peace, and rests with Jesus. J. J. THIBETTS.

E. Haverhill, July 1, 1875.

Died, at North Norway, June 14, Mr. SILAS MERRIAM, aged 75 years and 5 months.

The deceased was a man of a high moral character, respected by all that knew him. Sister M. is left in poor health, but one of our strong supports in the Church, ready for every good word and work. G.

Died, in Bradley, June 20, VICTOR DAVIS, aged 21 years.

His last days were glorious. About two weeks before his death he gave his all to God. His sick room was almost a heaven on earth. At times he would sing and pray, and taking his young friends by the hand, he would lead them to give their hearts to God and meet him in heaven. He was a young man of good promise. His only desire to get well was to tell how good the Lord was to him. May God comfort his parents and his friends with the Holy Spirit! They mourn not as those without a hope. B. A. E.

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